

Summary: A Harry Potter in Slytherin story. But this time there's a few twists to the plot. Harry has a twin Sister, and everyone thought it was her to stop the Dark Lord. Harry's Dad died, and Voldemort took one of his sisters, but his other sister is alive, along with his Mother, who is remarried. Harry's been abused in more than three ways, and who says that when the time comes, he's going to be willing to fight for the world that treated him like such dirt...?

Disclaimer: Nothing is mine. All J.K's.

"Lily! It's him! Quick, go save our family!" James shouted.

"No, James! If I leave he might kill you!" Lily said, grabbing her husband's arm.

"You have to save yourself and our family. I'd rather him kill me than you. I'll protect you... Just go!" He whispered, and then he kissed her.

He pulled away after a moment. "Go."

Lily ran upstairs.

She had to save her children... but she could hear the struggle downstairs... and then quiet.

"Avada Kadavra!" She heard, and then a thump.

"No!" Lily whispered.

"Well, Lily..." She heard from the doorway.

She spun around. He was quick.

"Move." He said.

"No... I won't let you touch them." She said, not letting her terror show.

He stared at her, and then repeated himself. "Move... And I won't hurt you."

“No.”

“I don’t want to hurt you Lily...”

“Then go,”

“Now, we both know I’m not going anywhere...”

Lily still stood her ground.

“Move or I’ll make you.” He hissed. He was beginning to lose his temper.

She stood her ground.

“If that’s how you’re going to make it... Crucio!”

She fell to the floor in pain.

He muttered something else and she passed out.

He walked over to the crib and a four year old girl ran over. She stood in front of the crib with a determined look on her face.

“Leave.” She said, trembling.

Voldemort smirked.

Bellatrix ran up behind him, panting.

“Mater, we must hurry,” She panted. “They’re coming.”

He clicked his fingers together, and Anna-Maria fainted.

“Take her.”

Bellatrix picked up the little girl, and then looked at Voldemort for more instructions.

“Leave. I’ll follow soon enough.” He told her, looking at the babies in the crib.

Bellatrix left, with the little girl still unconscious in her arms.

He looked at Harry and Danielle Potter, sitting there, looking up at him.

Harry was looking at him with his head tilted slightly to one side. Danielle was looking at her mother, crying.

He lifted his wand.

“Goodbye Potters.” He said, smirking. “Avada Kadavra!”

The curse bounced off Harry and the remainder went on to his sister. Harry got a cut on his forehead from it, and Danielle got a cut on her cheek and other smaller ones on her foot and arms.

The spell rebounded back on the Dark Lord. He fell to the floor in pain.

“It can’t be...” He whispered.

Lucius ran in, looking behind him.

“Master, they’re coming...” He looked forward to see Voldemort on the ground. “Master!”

He ran over, grabbed Voldemort’s arm, and apparated.

A while later, Lily woke up. She got up quickly to see the mark on the ground where the spell had backfired on Voldemort.

She ran over to see Harry and Danielle. Harry had passed out when the spell had bounced off of him, but Danielle was sitting there, playing with her toes.

Lily almost laughed. “You’re okay...” She whispered.

Then she looked around the room.

“Anna?” She called, her smile fading.

After a moment of silence, she repeated herself. “Anna? Anna!”

Lily looked around the room panicking, and then she remembered James.

She ran downstairs, and soon after the two children in that room could hear a great sob from downstairs.

Yep. No other way to put what happened, so I put it bluntly in a Prologue. Next Chapter up soon enough. Hope you enjoy! REVIEW ME!

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is JK Rowlings.

Eleven years later

Harry woke up with a strange feeling in his stomach.

‘What am I forgetting today?’ He wondered.

Then it hit him.

‘It’s my birthday,’ He thought, frowning.

He got up, got dressed, and thought about everything.

He wasn’t that excited about his birthday, really. He never was. It’s not like Lily and Damien ever did anything nice for him. And when they did get him a present, which only happened once every few years, it was usually something for him to clean with, because on the Maid’s day off, he did the cleaning. No wrapping or anything special.

And then there was Danielle. She was a completely different story.

She got twelve present for her fifth birthday, and every year she kept getting more. And that was only from Lily. She got some from her Grandmother and Grandfather, from James’s parents, from the Maid, from Damien’s parents, from James’s sister’s family, from James’s brother’s family, and from her friends.

Harry got presents from these people too. Lily just never gave them to him after they came in the mail. The only presents Harry got were from his aunt Vivian and Uncle Joshua, and the only reason he got those ones were because they gave them to him personally, and they were under the deluded impression that Lily treated Harry like a Mother should, so she couldn’t take it away in front of them.

He walked downstairs.

He could hear Damien and Lily fussing over Danielle, and he rolled his eyes. This was pathetic...

He took a deep breath before walking into the kitchen.

Damien and Lily didn't even look at him. He preferred it this way.

Harry walked to the fridge and got out some milk. Then he got out the cereal from the cupboard and made himself his breakfast.

He stood at the counter, watching Damien and Lily fussing over Daniel.

"Im hungry!" Danielle complained.

Lily looked up.

"Harry! Why would you get yourself breakfast and not Danielle? It is her birthday after all, you selfish pig!" Lily said, looking at him disgustedly.

Danielle smiled smugly and played with her long black hair.

Harry had to bite his tongue to stop himself saying what was on his mind.

"Never mind, boy, I'll do it for her!" Lily said, standing up. "Go get the mail."

Harry walked into the hallway and sighed. He picked up the mail and flicked through it.

A letter for Lily from the bank... Three letters for Danielle... Two for Damien... And one for himself.

Harry stared at it. He never got mail. His friends just called him, and his relatives never bothered.

He turned it over and saw the Hogwarts crest, and he gasped.

He walked into the kitchen and put the rest of the mail down on the table.

“Mum! Harry’s stealing a letter!” Danielle shouted.

Damien was walking over to him when Harry shouted, “It’s mine!”

Damien raised his eyebrows. “Yeah, somebody’s really going to send you a letter.”

“It’s from Hogwarts.”

Danielle ran over to the pile of letters and pulled her own letter of the top.

“Mum! I got one too!” Danielle squealed.

“Oh, Danielle!” Lily said proudly, walking over and hugging Danielle. “You’re going to Hogwarts! I’m so proud of you! When we go out today, I’ll buy you two more presents!”

Harry left the kitchen. “Oh my gosh...” He muttered. “Ridiculous.” Harry was wandering around Diagon Alley. He had already gotten everything on his list, and had a bit of money left over, so he decided to buy a pet.

He walked into the magical menagerie.

Harry walked past lots of creatures, but none that caught his eye.

“Can I help you?”

He turned to see a friendly looking woman walking over to him.

“Um, I’m going into my first year at Hogwarts and I’d like a pet.” Harry told her, glancing at some scarab beetles in a big tank.

“Do you have in mind what you want?” The lady asked him.

“No...”

“How about... a cat?” She asked.

“No.”

“A mouse?”

“No.”

“What about... an owl?”

Harry thought about it for a moment.

“Can I see your owls?”

She nodded, and lead him over to the shelves.

She pointed to the owls that were in cages on the shelves. “Choose any one you like.”

Harry looked at all the owls, and then spotted a snowy white one. He pointed at it. “I like that one...”

“Ah... good choice. She is very loyal... She’s good for carrying letters through very long journeys, too. Her name is Hedwig.”

Harry looked at the owl for a little longer.

“Yeah... okay. I’ll take her.”

1st of September

Harry couldn’t put any weight on his left leg, because of all the bruises there. There had been an absolute uproar when Harry got home with his pet owl... and not one for Danielle.

When he had gotten home, Lily had been fine with Harry’s new pet... Until Danielle saw it. Danielle shouted that she wanted one, and that Harry was a mean, spoilt little brat who never thought of others. Harry’s comeback had ended in two bruises from Damien. Then, refusing to give up Hedwig to Danielle was the reason for the next four.



He looked like he was limping. He got a potion out of his bag and gulped it down. He stood still for a moment, and then slowly put some weight on his left leg. He smiled when he couldn't feel anything.

He ran to catch up with Damien, Lily and Danielle.

They all walked through the barrier and onto the platform.

"Whoa..." Danielle muttered, and Harry rolled his eyes.

He wandered away from the group. He put his trunk in the luggage compartment, and checked that the money he stole from Damien was still in his pocket.

He turned around to see everyone saying goodbye to their parents, and it made him feel sad to see how much those people cared for their children... and then he thought of how much his own mother hated him.

'Would it still be like this if Dad and Anna were alive?' He wondered.

He heard a whistle blow and stepped up onto the train.

He turned around to see Lily and Damien waving. He waved back, wondering why they were waving to him.

"Bye!" He heard from behind him.

'Oh, that's why.' He thought, as he turned to see Danielle, waving and playing with her long black hair.

Harry had his eyes closed when he heard the compartment door open.

He opened his eyes slightly to see a red haired boy with freckles standing there, and a boy with short brown hair.

"Mind if we share with you? Everywhere else is full." The freckled boy asked.

Harry nodded, and then closed his eyes again.

After a while he got bored and opened his eyes completely.

"I'm Harry." He said to the boys.

"I'm Ron. Ron Weasley. And this is Jesse Marin. If you don't mind me asking... are you Harry Potter?" The freckled boy said.

Harry nodded.

"Wow..." Ron said, sounding impressed.

"If you think I'm amazing, you should meet my sister." He said sarcastically. "Most people tend to think she's better than me."

"Nah, No offence, Harry, But I think your sister is a spoiled brat, from how my family talk about her." Ron said, and Harry felt that he liked Ron a great deal more than he did before he said that.

"None taken." Harry said happily. "I agree with you."

Ron looked a little bit shocked, but Harry kept talking anyway.

"I hate my sister," Harry said matter-of-factly.

"I have a sister too." Ron said. "I also have a few brothers. There's Percy, Bill, Fred, George, and, well... I think you get it. I have a big family."

"I have a sister. She's the same age as me, too, Harry. We aren't twins, she was born in October and I was born in January," Jesse told him.

Harry smiled. He was beginning to like not being at home.

Yeah. That was the next chapter. I posted the same day as the Prologue because I got two reviews in the hour after I posted and that

was cool... I will post the next chapter tomorrow. Hope you all liked it, please review.

Disclaimer: I DO NOT OWN HARRY POTTER!

“First Years!” Said a woman’s voice loudly. “First years, over here!”

Harry, Jesse and Ron walked over to the woman with the rest of the first years.

“Please follow me,” She instructed. She walked towards a hill, and the rest of the first years followed a brown, bushy haired girl who was up the front with the teacher and a round faced, dark brown haired boy next to her.

“What house do you think you’ll be in?” Harry asked.

“I’m a sure for Gryffindor. My whole family’s been in it! I can’t imagine their reaction if I was in Slytherin.” Ron said the last word with disgust.

“What’s so wrong with Slytherin?” Harry asked.

He heard a high pitched giggle from behind him. He turned to see Danielle.

“I can’t believe you don’t know!” She said. It was plain she was trying to impress her new friends.

“Yeah, Danielle?” Harry asked her, smirking. “What’s the animal for Slytherin on the Hogwarts crest?”

“Um... It’s... er...” Danielle mumbled, as her friends laughed at her.

“Yeah. Okay. Bye Danielle.” Harry said smugly, as he, Jesse and Ron walked a little faster to get away from Harry’s sister.

“So... what is so bad about Slytherin?” Harry asked Ron again.

“There’s not a Dark Witch or Wizard in history who wasn’t in Slytherin. You-Know-Who was in it.” Ron told him. “People get into

Slytherin when their hearts have darkness in them, my Dad said. When they have a lot of Hatred... or they've been mistreated, or something like that."

Harry's heart dropped. That described him.

"If I'm in Slytherin, you'll still be my friend, won't you?" Harry asked them, seeking reassurance.

"You won't be in Slytherin." Ron said. "Believe me. But yeah. I would."

"Me too," Jesse said. "Personally, I think my sister and I are going to be in Slytherin. You know, pureblood family. Dad a suspected death-eater

The witch up the front stopped in front of a huge lake.

"Oh, no... My brothers told me you had to do a test to get into Hogwarts, and when you did it, it decides what house you're in... Maybe we have to swim across the lake or something..." Ron said nervously.

Harry just laughed. "I don't think so, Ron."

"Into the boats! Four in each boat!" The woman up the front shouted.

Harry climbed into a boat with Ron, Jesse and the bushy haired girl from up the front.

"Hello, I'm Hermione Granger!" The girl said. "Who are you?"

"I'm Harry, this is Ron, and that's Jesse." Harry told her. "Nice to meet you."

"Are you excited about coming to Hogwarts?" She asked them.

"Yeah..." Ron answered.

“I’m just glad to be away from home.” Harry said, glancing at the water and seeing something huge moving next to the boat that was definitely not water.

“Does something live in this lake?” Harry asked them nervously.

“Yeah, a giant squid,” Ron said.

“And, that doesn’t bother you?” Harry asked him.

“Nah.”

“Excuse me,” Hermione said to Harry. “But... are you Harry Potter?”

“Yeah,” Harry replied.

“Wow... You must get tired of people asking you that all the time.” Hermione said.

“No, usually people pay attention to my sister.”

Hermione tilted her head to one side. “Really? I met her before... No offence, but that girl is a self-centered, spoilt brat.”

Harry smiled. He was glad that Hermione, Jesse and Ron, at least, could see who his sister really was, even if the rest of the world couldn’t.

“ Welcome first years, I am Professor McGonagall, Head of Gryffindor house, and Deputy Headmistress.” Professor told them all, whilst the Lady who had taken them from the train to the school walked inside the Hall that McGonagall had come from.

“I would like to welcome you all to Hogwarts. Now, when I lead you through this door you are going to all be sorted. I’m going to go and see if they are ready.” McGonagall told them, and then walked into the Hall.

“Hi,” Said a voice behind him.

He turned to see two girls. One had long brown hair, and the other Medium Blonde hair.

“Hey,” Harry said.

“This is my sister, Elle, and her friend, Malorie,” Jesse told them.

“Er... is it true that you're Harry Potter?” Elle asked.

“Yes,” Said a voice from behind him. “And I am his sister, Danielle. Danielle Potter.”

Danielle came up and shook their hands. The girls didn't seem to like her very much. Harry was beginning to like Hogwarts.

Danielle walked away in a huff, and Malorie and Elle walked in the other direction.

The doors opened again and McGonagall came out, smiling.

“We're ready for you now,” She said, and led them into the hall.

Harry gasped as he walked in.

There were four tables, one with a Red table cloth, one with a Green one, one with a Yellow one, and one with a Blue one. There were candles floating above the tables, but what caught Harry's eye was the ceiling.

“It's been enchanted,” Hermione whispered to him, “To look like the night sky outside. How amazing is that?”

Harry just nodded.

“I can't believe this place...” Harry muttered to Ron.

“Yeah, and this is just the hall!” Ron whispered.

“When I call your name you will come up and sit on the stool. The sorting hat will tell you what house you will be in.” McGonagall announced.

She looked down at the list. “Abbot, Hannah,”

A pink faced girl with long, blonde hair in pigtails walked up to the stool.

The hat was silent on her head for a moment, before shouting, “HUFFLEPUFF!”

The girl ran over to the Hufflepuff table while everyone clapped.

“Bones, Susan,”

She sat down, and the hat, again, shouted, “HUFFLEPUFF!”

Susan ran to sit down next to Susan.

“Boot, Terry,”

“RAVENCLAW!” The hat shouted.

“Brocklehurst, Mandy,”

“RAVENCLAW!”

“Brown, Lavender,”

“GRYFFINDOR!”

The whole Gryffindor table erupted in applause.

There were a few more people going while Harry was whispering to Jesse and Ron, but he stopped when he heard Hermione’s name being called.

“Granger, Hermione,”



Hermione gulped before walking up to the stool. She looked sick to her stomach.

It sat on her head for a moment, before shouting a huge, "SLYTHERIN!"

Ron looked dumbstruck, as Hermione ran over to the Slytherin table.

"Slytherin?" He whispered. "That traitor! Slytherin! And I actually thought she was alright!"

Harry just tried to keep how sick he was feeling from showing.

There were a few more names before another that caught Harry's attention was called.

"Malfoy, Draco!"

Harry had read about the Malfoy family in the paper a while ago... Some big donation to the ministry...

The hat was on Draco's head for about two seconds before shouting "SLYTHERIN!"

"Marin, Elle!"

She walked up to the stool, looking terrified.

The hat sat on her head for about ten seconds before shouting its answer.

"Slytherin!"

Elle took off the hat and ran to the Slytherin table and sat down next to her friend Malorie.

"Marin, Jesse!"

Jesse tried to smile at his friends. "Wish me luck,"

He walked up to the stool and sat down. The hat was placed on his head. Everyone in the hall sat there waiting.

The hat was on his head for a good two minutes, before it finally decided where to put Jesse.

"SLYTHERIN!"

Jesse smiled and ran over to the Slytherin table. He sat down in the middle of his sister and Draco Malfoy.

Harry was finding it hard to breathe now.

"Potter, Danielle!"

Danielle walked up to the stool, smiling.

Whispers erupted around the great hall.

"Potter?! Did she say Potter?"

"That means Harry must be here!"

"Potter..."

Most were like that.

Danielle sat on the stool.

The hat was sitting on her head for a minute or so. If Harry knew Danielle, she was trying to persuade it to put her into the house she wanted to be in.

"... Gryffindor?" But this time the hat shouted the house name differently.

It sounded... unsure? Harry didn't know what it was... But he knew that the whole hall had heard the difference in the hat's voice, because they didn't clap very hard. Even the Gryffindors were unsure of whether to clap or not. Harry was very pleased at this.

“Potter, Harry!”

There were more whispers then when Danielle's name had been called. Harry sat on the stool nervously.

“Hmm... yes... Harry Potter. What house to put you in...?” Harry heard the hat say through a small voice in his ear.

“Not a very happy life...” The hat said. “Danielle would have gone to Hufflepuff if she wasn't such a good talker. That girl is... no, hmm... But you aren't as easy to place... Hmm... You could be great, you know... Slytherin would help you on your way to greatness, no doubt about that... hmm... oh well, I like a challenge...”

Harry's mind was racing. He was so nervous he thought he was going to be sick.

“There's really a bit of every house inside of you...” The hat told him, and Harry closed his eyes so he didn't have to see all the faces of the students, all staring at him, waiting, “So it's very difficult indeed... I suppose... Yes, alright... It'll have to be... Lets just hope I'm right.”

There was silence before the hat shouted out his answer to the whole hall.

“SLYTHERIN!”

Umm yeah! I said I'd update tommorw, but I like this story, so here it is! So I have a problem. I was going to put Ron in Slytherin, but then I reconsidered, and now I dont know! So please help me by answering this question:

Should Ron Weasley be in Slytherin, or Gryffindor?

Thankyou, hope you liked the chapter, the next one will be up one  
people tell me where Ron should go.

Disclaimer: Harry Potter still belongs to J.K Rowling.

The whole hall was silent as Harry stood up. Everyone was in shock.

Dumbledore started clapping, so everyone else began, loudest of all was the Slytherin's.

People were whispering to their friends. Even though they were only whispers, Harry heard them all.

“Slytherin?” and “Traitor!” were the most common. Harry looked back at Ron... He looked sad. Ron tried to smile, but failed miserably.

Harry sat down next to Jesse and Malfoy. He tried to hide his face from everyone staring at him.

After a few more people, whilst Ron and Harry silently communicated, Ron's name was called.

He walked up to the stool, looking at Harry with a look that said ‘Well, here goes,’

The hat was on his head for a moment.

Harry knew Ron was going to be in Gryffindor, but he couldn't help hoping he'd be in Slytherin, with him and Jesse.

Harry crossed his fingers underneath the table.

“GRYFFINDOR!” the hat shouted, and Harry groaned.

Jesse glanced at Harry sadly. “Harry, I know you wanted Ron here, mate, but he's a Weasley. All Weasley's are always in Gryffindor. He didn't stand a chance of getting into Slytherin,”

Harry nodded.

“He wouldn't have belonged anyway,” A voice said.

Harry turned to see it was the Malfoy boy.

Harry decided not to start a fight. "I guess not..."

"Im Malfoy, by the way. Draco Malfoy," Malfoy said, holding out his hand for Harry to shake.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Harry," Harry shook his hand.

"Jesse," Jesse said. "And my sister, Elle,"

Draco nodded to him and Elle.

The rest of the sorting, made up of about three people, went quickly enough. The last person (Zabini, Blaise), became a Slytherin.

Blaise sat down next to Malfoy, as Dumbledore stood up.

"I have a few odd words to say before we start our feast! And here they are: Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak! Thank you."

He sat down and everybody clapped. Harry didn't know whether to laugh or not.

"Is he... a bit mad?" Harry asked the prefect sitting opposite him.

"Some say he's the greatest wizard of all time. Rubbish, my family says. I think he is mad, yes," The prefect said, examining his plate.

Harry glanced around and was amazed by what he saw. The bare plates now had piles of food on them! Harry had never seen more of everything he liked to eat before... Lily and Damien had never exactly starved him, but he hadn't gotten very much food whilst with them either. Usually it all went to Danielle.

Harry piled up his plate and started eating. He had never had such good food... Lily wasn't much of a cook. She actually usually gave Harry the burnt bits.

“This is so good,” Harry said to Jesse.

“Not really. My house elf makes all our family’s food. Tastes the same to me,” Jesse said, shrugging.

“Same for me,” Malfoy said.

“So you guys are all purebloods?” Harry asked.

“Yeah,” Jesse said, and Malfoy nodded.

“Me too,” Zabini said.

Harry looked at Hermione, who was sitting next to the prefect.

“Um, yeah! Of course!” Hermione said, looking nervous. Harry thought nothing of it, as Hermione looked down at her food nervously.

“Are you?” Malfoy asked suddenly.

“My Dad was a wizard, my Mum a witch. So yeah, I guess. My Mum came from muggles though. But it doesn’t matter, she’s...” Harry couldn’t finish his sentence. He couldn’t find a bad enough word, but everyone seemed to understand.

“My Mum’s remarried though,” Harry said.

“I know, it was all over the papers for about three months. That was when they got engaged. After the actual wedding, they barely had any other news at all!” Draco said.

“I know. It was pathetic!” Harry said, taking a bite of some bread.

“I take it you don’t like your step dad?” Draco asked, laughing.

He stopped when Harry nodded his head.

The desert appeared and they all dug in. They were all stuffed by the time Dumbledore got up and made a speech. They were barely even listening, but they certainly heard the third announcement.

“All students are warned that the third floor corridor is completely off limits, to all that do not wish to die a very painful death,” Dumbledore told them all.

Harry, once again, wasn't sure whether to laugh or not. He decided against it, as everyone shot looks at their friends that plainly told him that Dumbledore was serious.

After a few more announcements, Harry was glad to finally be allowed to go to bed.

The prefect Harry had talked to earlier led them all down to the dungeons. He led them to a huge statue down one of the corridors. The statue was of a tall wizard. He had a long cane in one hand. A long snake was rapped over his shoulders and its neck was resting in the hand that wasn't holding the cane.

“Pureblood,” The prefect said, then turned to the students and added “That's the password. You have to say it to get into the common room; otherwise it won't let you in.”

All the first years just stood there, staring at the statue, which seemed to have come alive. It stepped off the block it was on and the wall opened. It gestured them inside, and bowed to them. Even the snake had come alive. It was hissing and looking at each of them in turn.

They all walked inside, talking about the moving statue.

“You don't want to make him mad,” The prefect told them, smirking. “The snake bites.”

The students all went quiet.



They walked down a very short corridor, with portraits hanging on the wall. They were all asleep, and Harry wondered who would paint sleeping pictures, until he saw, and heard, one of them snore.

Harry didn't believe it. All the pictures in his house were motionless, so why did the painting here snore?

The prefect pointed them all in the direction of their dormitories. Harry was glad to find out he was with Draco, Jesse and Blaise. He didn't know who the other two boys were.

He flopped down on his bed, completely dressed, and was asleep within seconds.

Next morning

Harry woke up the next morning feeling extremely happy.

"What are you smiling about?" Jesse asked, sitting up in bed and looking over at Harry.

"I am away from my Mum, my Step dad and my sister. I don't have to face them until the holidays, and I could stay here during Christmas. This is the best feeling in the world." Harry said happily.

"Are they that bad?" Jesse asked, getting up out of bed.

Harry did the same. "Yeah,"

"We could always make Danielle miserable," Draco told them.

Harry looked at Draco. "When did you wake up?"

Draco just smirked.

"Anyway... how do we do that?" Harry asked, getting his robes out of his trunk.

“Hold it! Discuss it later! I want to be a part of this, it sounds fun. Discuss it in class, I’m having a shower now,” Jesse told them, shutting the bathroom door.

Draco and Harry glanced at each other, smirking. Harry was so glad he was a wizard right now.

The boys were sitting at the house table, just finishing breakfast, when the prefect from last night walked over and gave them their timetables.

“Double potions first with the Gryffindors,” Jesse said, looking at his Timetable.

They finished their breakfast and stood up. Harry, Draco, Jesse, Damien and Hermione were leaving the hall when Elle came up.

“What first, Jesse?” She asked, blushing when Harry looked at her. Harry turned away from the group and rolled his eyes.

“Potions. Where’s Mal?” Jesse said.

“Still eating. Okay, see you there. Bye, Harry,” Then she ran back to the table.

“Ooooooh!” All the guys chimed, making kissing noises. Hermione was laughing.

“Shutup!” Harry said, laughing.

They all walked to the potions classroom to see a tall, greasy haired man wearing black robes standing there.

“In,” He said, looking at them all disgustedly.

They all filed in quietly and nervously.

Harry sat at a table in the middle of Jesse and Ron Weasley, whilst Draco, Blaise and Hermione sat at the table in front of them.

“As there will be little foolish wand waving, not many of you will call this magic,” Snape said... Harry basically zoned out after that, he started playing with his quill.

“Potter!” Snape said suddenly, making him jump. “What is the difference between monkwood and wolfsbane?”

Hermione put her hand up and Harry just sat there dumbly.

“Could you please... repeat that?” Harry asked.

Jesse had to bite his fist to stop himself from laughing.

Snape said it again, very slowly, like he was talking to a two year old.

“Er... The difference is... um...” Harry said, trying to think of something that sounded right. It wasn’t helping that Jesse and Ron were sniggering.

Harry drummed his fingers on the table. “That one... er...”

“Enough, Mr. Potter!” Snape said, sneering. “Five points from Slytherin!”

Harry shot daggers at him.

“Lets try again. Where would you look if I asked you to find me a bezoar?” Snape asked.

Hermione’s hand shot up again, but Harry just sat there. “I don’t know. Hermione does, ask her if you want to know so badly.”

Snape’s lip curled into a thin line. Harry tried hard not to laugh.

Snape snapped at Hermione to put her hand down and walked back to the front of the classroom.

He put instructions on the board for a third year potion and sat at his desk.

“He was so mad, Harry,” Ron said happily.

“He looked like he wanted to kill you!” Jesse laughed, smashing some caterpillar eyes.

“He seemed to really hate me, even before I said that to him...” Harry said, chopping up something that looked a lot like Bat intestines.

“What’s that about?” Blaise asked, leaning back.

“Have you been eavesdropping?” Harry laughed.

“No!” Blaise said, smirking. “Just that you’re talking too loud!”

Harry laughed at Blaise, but stopped when he saw Snape glaring at him.

Transfiguration Classroom

“So, what are we going to do about Danielle?” Jesse asked Draco.

“How do I know?” Draco shrugged. “We’ll think of something.”

McGonagall walked inside the classroom and faced all the students with a determined look on her face.

“This is one of the most difficult subjects of all magic, so I do not expect many of you to get it on your first try-,” McGonagall was interrupted when the door to the classroom shot open.

“Sorry I’m late, Professor, I was up with Madam Pomfrey. Amy was sick during the break,” Danielle said, rushing to her seat next to Nicole.

Professor McGonagall paid no attention to Danielle, except shooting her a quick glare.

McGonagall faced the blackboard and Harry took his chance.

He leaned across Draco and whispered to his sister "What's the real reason you're late?"

Danielle scowled at him. "I was sending a letter to Mum and Dad, okay?"

"It's the first day, Dan, you can't possibly miss them that much," Harry whispered.

"It was a very important letter. I wanted to tell them what houses we were in..." Danielle said, smirking at him.

"They obviously don't-," Harry began, but then it hit him. "You have got to be joking,"

"Mr. Potter! Pay attention please!" McGonagall snapped.

Harry leant back in his seat. "Sorry, professor,"

After a little while of McGonagall talking, they actually got to do something. They were working on turning match sticks into needles.

Ron looked excited, but when she said what they were actually doing his face fell.

"Sounds hard..." He muttered sarcastically.

"And interesting..." Draco added, also sarcastically.

In actuality, it was much harder then the boys thought.

"Probably jinxed us by what you said before... Thanks a heap, Ron!" Draco said angrily, tapping the match with his wand.

BANG!!

Everyone jumped and looked around for the source of the noise... only to see that it was Seamus Finnigan, who had set his match on fire. Draco and Harry started sniggering.

“Mr. Finnigan!” McGonagall said exasperatedly. “How in the world did you manage that?!”

Seamus shrugged, looking embarrassed.

The rest of the lesson passed slowly for Harry, who couldn't wait until the end of the class. By the end, Hermione was the only one who had gotten her match into a needle.

Harry walked out of the classroom and spotted his sister.

He walked over and grabbed her arm, pulling her to face him.

“What did you tell them about me?” He demanded.

“Just that you were trying to make me look bad before we even got to Hogwarts... and that you're in Slytherin. Dad isn't going to be happy, is he?” Danielle asked, faking concern.

Harry felt anger well up inside of him.

“They were going to find out eventually. I thought I'd tell them before they found out the hard way!” Danielle told him.

Harry was finding it hard to keep himself from screaming at her.

“Danielle, I'm going to put this in a way that your tiny, stupid, mind can understand, okay?” Harry hissed at her. “Damien and Lily aren't here so you can't just go running to them for every little thing. Hogwarts isn't like home... And I am going to crush you here. You have made my life hell for the past ten years of my life... And I'm not going to rest until I make sure that you know how I felt.”

Harry walked away from his sister feeling less angry. He'd make sure she knew what it felt like all those years... But first he needed an idea as to how.

Okay there's the next chapter! I hope you all liked it!! I can not believe how much people like this story, thank you all sooo much!! Next chapter will be up soon!!

OK! In this chapter we see a little of Anna-Maria and what's happened all her life, after Voldemort took her... so her new name is Monica, so instead of saying "Anna-Maria said" I will be using "Monica said" Just wanted to clear that up!

Disclaimer: Read previous chapters.

Anna-Maria Potter was sitting in potions, not paying attention.

‘So. They’ve finally arrived, have they? Spoiled brats.’ She thought bitterly.

The girl no longer went by her given name, Anna-Maria Potter. Now she went by Monica Britt. Her master thought it best to rename her... so no body thought she was related to the Potters. The people who abandoned her.

“What do we need to add to the potion, Monica?” Snape asked.

“Bats eyes,” She said. “To make it purple,”

Anna-Maria was in her third year at Hogwarts. She was in Slytherin. She was always told by the people she knew that it was the best house. These people mainly made up of death eaters. The people who raised her.

She was always told that when Lily and James Potter had her, they didn’t want her. She was told she was put up for adoption at two months old. When nobody wanted her, Lily left her in Diagon alley. She had given her a toy to play with, and just left the pram where it was, never coming back to get her daughter.

Bellatrix Lestrange had raised her. She had told her how she was fortunate how they came together. It was fortunate that Tom Riddle was walking the streets that day. Fortunate that he had seen her, when no one else was around. Fortunate he had seen sense in taking her. Taking the little girl who had just been abandoned, who was crying for her Mother.



The Lestranges had wanted a child, and Riddle knew it. He couldn't look after the little girl, so he gave her to them. She had been treated well all her life, but she could never shake the feeling something was wrong. She couldn't remember Lily and James at all... She couldn't remember Tom Riddle finding her... She couldn't remember the day he lost all power. The day her family had sworn revenge on Lily Potter, for bringing down the Dark Lord.

The end of the lesson bell sounded and Monica got up out of her seat and left the classroom.

“Mon!”

She turned around and smiled brightly. She saw her best friend, Tiffany, hurrying towards her. They had been best friends since they were eight, because Bellatrix and Tiffany's Mum had met up three times a week for reasons Bellatrix would never discuss with her daughter.

“Hey!” Monica said happily, but her smile faded when she saw who was walking down the hallway towards the Potions classroom.

“Hey, look!” Tiffany said, pointing. “It's that Potter boy,”

This was one of the reasons the two girls were best friends. Tiffany always pointed out the most obvious stuff, and Monica was nice about it.

On this occasion, Monica was finding it hard to be nice.

Harry paused and looked over at Monica, who scowled at him. Harry gave her a weird look, and the continued after his friends.

It was the end of their second day, and Harry could not get the face of a third year girl out of his head. He felt like he knew her, and the look she was giving him when he saw her before was one he had seen a lot in his life. He'd seen the exact look on Lily's face every day for ten years; Full of Hatred.

The bell rang and Harry stood up quickly. He walked outside with Jesse at his heel.

“Harry!”

Harry turned to see Hermione hurrying towards him.

“Hey,” Harry said.

“Harry, Jesse, Have you ever seen the gamekeeper here?” Hermione asked.

The boys shook their heads.

“Well, he’s really nice and he invited me to tea this afternoon. Want to come?”

Harry shrugged and looked at Jesse.

“Haven’t got anything better to do,” Jesse said. “Yeah, okay.”

Hermione shoved her books in her bag as Harry and Jesse waited.

"Okay, let's go!" She said.

Harry gestured in front of him. “Lead the way, Hermione,”

Hermione began walking when Ron came out of the classroom.

“I hate that man, I honestly do!” He said angrily. “I have detention tomorrow for not stopping Neville blowing up his cauldron!”

“But, he didn’t blow up his cauldron today...” Harry said, stopping.

“I know!!” Ron said angrily.

“Oh, tough. Come with us to the gamekeeper’s house!” Jesse said brightly.

“His name is Hagrid!” Hermione called over her shoulder. “Now hurry up!”

Jesse knocked on the door and stepped back quickly as he heard a dog barking.

“Down, Fang!” They heard from the inside.

The door opened and there stood the tallest man Harry had ever seen.

“Hagrid, I hope you don’t mind, but I brought some friends!” Hermione said.

“That’s fine! Come in, everyone!” The man named Hagrid said happily.

They all filed inside and sat down at the table. There weren’t enough chairs so Harry and Jesse had to share a chair, much to the amusement of Ron.

“So, everyone. I’m Rubeus Hagrid, but just call me Hagrid. Everyone does anyway,” Hagrid said happily. “Tea?”

“Yes, please,” Everyone said.

“Well, I’m Harry, this is Jesse, and that’s Ron.” Harry told him.

“Oh yes, I heard about you boys when I was up at the staffroom before. You boys best watch out for Snape, he doesn’t like you very much.” Hagrid said. “Rock Cake?”

They all nodded. Ron scowled.

“I honestly hate that man!” Ron said angrily. Harry and Jesse laughed.

Hagrid gave them all the rock cakes. Harry bit into one and almost broke his two front teeth. He was too polite to spit it back out again though.

Harry pretended to enjoy the rock cake, and then when Hagrid turned his back he whispered to Jesse "Don't eat it!"

Jesse smirked. "Can't be that bad,"

He bit into the rock cake and his smirk faded quickly. He clapped his hand to his mouth and Harry was dying of silent laughter.

Hagrid turned around and Harry and Jesse tried to look normal, as not to hurt his feelings.

"What's wrong, Jesse? Isn't the food nice?" Hagrid asked, seeing the look on Jesse's face.

Jesse shook his head, thinking quickly. "It's good! I bit my tongue, that's all,"

Harry smirked at his friend.

"So, how's your first week been?" Hagrid asked.

"Good," Harry said, and the others nodded.

"Harry, how's your sister? I haven't seen her since you kids were just turning one..." Hagrid said.

Harry's face fell. "I don't know. I hope she got bitten by something in her first herbology lesson and it's really hurting her, though..."

Hagrid looked at him for a moment. He was about to say something when Harry hurried on before he was faced with some difficult questions.

“Er, so why do you hate Snape, Ron?” Harry asked, knowing that by the time Ron had finished his rant Hagrid would have forgotten all about Danielle.

Harry, Ron, Jesse and Hermione were all walking down the hall, towards the library, so they could all finish their homework.

Danielle came out of a door in front of them and ran into her brother. She fell over backwards.

“Watch where you’re going!” She snapped, not looking up. Harry just stood there with his arms crossed.

Danielle looked up and her face paled.

“Harry,” She muttered, looking away as she stood up.

“Danielle,” Harry said, smirking.

Danielle seemed a bit wary of her brother. Her friends came out of the room and, upon seeing Harry, stopped laughing.

Danielle had obviously told them about the threat. They were all looking at the ground except for one girl. She had blonde curly hair and refused to stop staring at Harry.

“Um, bye,” Danielle said quietly. Her friends all walked away, but before Danielle could, Harry grabbed her arm. She finally looked up at him.

“Don’t tell anybody else about what I said to you at the beginning of the week,” Harry hissed.

Danielle tried to smile at him, but failed miserably. “Okay,”

Danielle scurried away. Harry had already told them all what he had said to Danielle, so they didn’t ask any questions.

Harry turned and led the way.

“Er... Harry...?” Jesse asked, as they opened a door into a deserted corridor.

“Not now, I’m not in the mood to talk!” Harry snapped.

“But, Harry...” Jesse persisted.

“I said, not now!” Harry hissed.

He walked ahead of the group. Light flickered on as he passed.

“Harry! Listen!” Jesse hissed at him. He sounded worried.

Harry ignored him and opened the door to the end of the hallway, thinking it led to another corridor.

He walked in, not looking ahead; he was staring at the ground. He needed something to do to Danielle... Something horrible, to make her pay... but his mind was blank...

There was a loud BANG! From the end of the corridor Harry had just came out of.

“I know there’s somebody in here, my sweet...” Harry heard Filch wheeze, obviously talking to his cat, Mrs. Norris. “The Gryffindor Potter girl said somebody was up this way...”

“Quick!” He heard Jesse whisper, and soon Harry’s three friends were in the room with him. Ron bolted the door behind him.

They all stood there until they heard a growling behind them. They all turned slowly to see a huge, monstrous, three headed dog.

They were all silent for a moment. The dog growled at them, all three heads. It stood up to its full height and almost touched the roof.

They all started screaming and Ron fumbled with the lock.

They ran out and Harry slammed the door behind him.

Filch was gone, and they ran down the hallway to the Slytherin common room. They got all the way to the statue of the wizard with the snake before they slowed down.

“What... the... hell... do they think... they’re doing?” Ron asked, panting.

“What was that thing?!” Harry asked. He wasn’t panting because he got a lot of practice running fast for a long time back at home. Away from Damien after Danielle made up some stupid story to get him into trouble, usually.

“Why aren’t you tired?” Jesse asked Harry, trying to catch his breath.

“Because at home, Danielle...” He stopped.

Danielle.

Harry felt like screaming. She had tipped Filch off.

“You heard what Filch said! Danielle tipped him off!” Harry shouted angrily.

“Can we concentrate on the three headed dog, please? We can get Danielle back later!” Jesse said.

“Hermione? You’re really quiet, what’s up?” Harry asked.

“It was standing on a trap door,” Hermione whispered.

“So...?” Ron asked.

“That means its guarding something. Something really important...” Hermione answered.

They all looked at each other.

“Like what?” Jesse asked.

“No idea,” Ron said bluntly.

“Well... I’m up for finding out.” Harry said.

Okay! There's another chapter I hope everyone likes it... also, I had a few ideas but now I've lost them. If anybody has any revenge tactics for Harry against Danielle, Please tell me! I've forgotten ALL my ideas!!

I know some of you were wondering what Happened to Anna-Maria, so I hope you liked the chapter. There will be more of her in the future!



Harry woke up and stared at the top hanging of his four-poster bed for a while. He was thinking of everything that had happened. He'd been at Hogwarts for about five months now. They were clueless to what the dog was hiding.

He got up and Jesse immediately began talking to him.

"What's first?"

"Herbology,"

"Second?"

"Potions,"

"Excellent!"

Harry stared at him for a moment. "Excellent?!"

"Duh, we have it with the Gryffindors!" Jesse said.

"And...?"

"And Danielle," Jesse said, obviously thinking this was a good answer.

Harry stared at him in shock. "You're excited to see my sister?!"

"No!" He said quickly, and then he smiled and added "You'll understand later,"

Harry just nodded. He wasn't bothered by it.

They walked to breakfast and Harry noticed more than once that Jesse kept glancing at Danielle.

Harry threw his fork down. "What do you keep looking at my sister for?!"

“You’ll know later,” He replied, smirking at his friend.

All through Herbology Harry was thinking about what Jesse said. When would he know? What would he know?

He walked into potions behind Draco. Jesse was behind him.

He sat down in the middle of Draco and Jesse.

Snape walked in a few minutes later and looked around.

“Where’s Potter?” He demanded. Harry slowly raised his hand.

‘What have I done now?’ He thought.

“Not you, the girl!” Snape said.

“She went to madam Pomfrey. She’s a little... er... sick,” One of Danielle’s friends told him.

Snape walked to the front of the classroom. A few minutes into the lesson the door opened. Danielle walked in with a hat on and her hair tucked in, with her face down.

“Miss Potter?” Snape said, as Danielle sat down.

“Yes?” She asked, not looking up.

“Five points from Gryffindor for being late. Kindly take the hat off and face me, I wouldn’t want to take more house points off.”

Danielle slowly took the hat off.

Her hair fell out and when Harry looked at it, it was a bright shade of yellow. Harry looked closer and saw that her skin was yellow too. The whole classroom broke out in laughter, Harry the loudest.

He suddenly stopped laughing and quickly looked over at Jesse, grinning.

“You did that!”

Jesse nodded, laughing. “You said you wanted to do something to her. It’s been months, so I decided to do something for you.”

“Why yellow?” Harry asked.

“You said the sorting hat said she was supposed to be in hufflepuff, so I turned her that colour.” Jesse said, smiling.

Harry shook his head. “Why didn’t I think of that?”

The rest of the lesson passed quickly, every now and then somebody giggling at Danielle. At the end of the lesson, Harry was walking to the great hall when Danielle ran over to him with the hat back on and her head down.

She grabbed his arm and pulled him into an empty classroom.

“You moron!” She shouted.

Harry cast a silencing spell that Hermione had taught him on the classroom and sat down on a desk.

“How did you do this?! How do I get the antidote?!” She demanded.

“No idea,” Harry said happily.

“You did this so now reverse it!” She shouted.

“I can tell you honestly, I didn’t do it,” Harry told her.

She looked ready to kill him. “Well who else threatened me lately? I didn’t think you’d actually do anything!”

“I didn’t do this. I know who did, and it wasn’t me!” Harry shouted, losing his temper. Then he lowered his voice so he was whispering the next part. “And you thought wrong. Now that the person’s done

this... this one should be the least of your worries. There's much more to come."

Harry walked out of the classroom, Danielle staring at his back with wide eyes.

The whole school was sitting in the great hall for Halloween the next night. Danielle was still yellow.

"The food is better than usual..." Harry said, refilling his plate for the third time.

The doors banged open.

The whole school looked over as the creepy defense against the dark arts teacher, Professor Quirrel, ran in.

"Troll! In the Dungeons! Troll in the Dungeons!" He screamed, running to the front of the room. "Thought you ought to know,"

Then he collapsed.

There was silence. And then... uproar. People were screaming their heads off... except Hermione.

"What?" Harry whispered to her.

"SILENCE!"

Dumbledore had stood up. "Prefects, lead your houses back to common rooms. Teachers follow me to the dungeons,"

Everyone started running to their common rooms.

"What is it?" Harry asked Hermione.

"A troll is a very stupid creature. It couldn't get in by itself. Somebody had to let it in," Hermione whispered.

"As a diversion, you mean?" Jesse asked.

“Exactly. Even so, I don’t think it could get all the way to the dungeons,”

“Oh!” Jesse exclaimed. “The third floor corridor!”

“ Exactly,” Hermione said. "Whatever that dog is guarding, somebody wants!"

“Let’s go, then!” Harry said.

As the rest of their house went to the common room, they tried to blend in with the Gryffindors.

“Ron!” Harry hissed.

He turned around. “What the hell are you doing?!”

“Come with us!” Harry whispered.

Jesse, Hermione, Ron and Harry ran to the third floor corridor. They walked in slowly to hear voices at the end of the corridor.

“What are you doing here?!” Somebody demanded.

There was silence, and then another person began talking. “Severus... D-d-don’t be a f-f-fool,”

“That’s Snape and Quirrel!” Harry whispered.

Ron put a finger to his lips. There was silence.

The children heard whispering, but they couldn’t make out what it was.

"Stop what you're trying to do. Now. Or you may just end up getting hurt. I'm not going to let you get that stone." They couldn't make out which one said that.

"I d-d-don't know what you're t-t-talking a-b-b-bout, I only c-c-came here because somebo-d-dy tipped me o-o-off that somebody was t-t-trying to g-g-get the s-s-stone... And you're t-t-the only one h-h-here!"

They heard footsteps and started walking quickly, so they wouldn't be heard, to the unused classroom next to where they had been standing.

"Snape!" Ron said angrily.

"What?" Harry asked.

"You heard them! 'Somebody is trying to get the stone... and you're the only one here!' Ron said. "Snape is trying to get what's down there!"

Jesse and Harry glanced at each other.

"I don't think-," Jesse started but Ron cut him off.

"What? You think it was Quirrel?!" Ron asked skeptically. "That guy nearly faints just reading about dangerous things!"

Harry was thinking. He barely heard Jesse and Rons fight.

"I think Ron's right!" He said suddenly. "But what's 'the stone'?"

"It has to be important," Hermione said, looking at them all in turn. "But what sort of stone is important?"

They eventually went back to their common rooms, saying goodbye to Ron at the second floor.

"Flying lessons!" Hermione cried, reading the huge notice on the Slytherin notice board. "I can't fly!"

Jesse laughed. "It's not that hard!"

"Don't worry, I've never flown either," Harry admitted.

“Never?!” Draco asked in disbelief.

Harry shook his head. “I guess it’ll be fun to see how easy it was for Danielle to fall off it when she was nine,”

After lunch, they all set off towards where they would be having their lessons.

There were brooms all lined up in two rows. The teacher came up behind them and told them to stand next to a broom.

Harry took a spot between Hermione and Draco.

“Now, stand next to your broom, raise your palm above the broom and say clearly ‘Up!’” Madam Hooch told them.

Harry did what she said. “Up!”

The broom shot into his hand straight away, making him lose his balance and almost fall over.

He was delighted to see that Danielle, who was still yellow, was having trouble.

“I thought you said you’d never flown before!” Hermione cried. She was having trouble with the broom.

“I haven’t!” Harry said.

Draco was having trouble too. “Why- won’t- this- stupid- broom- UP! - Work!” He stopped trying to get it up and just looked at Harry angrily. “It’s these damn school brooms! They are too old and they suck!”

Harry laughed. He seemed to be the only one with any success.

After a few more minutes, Madam Hooch just told everyone to pick up their brooms so the lesson didn’t end before anybody had success.

“Now I want you to get into pairs,” Madam Hooch told them all.

Harry and Jesse paired up.

“Get in a line, pairs stand together!” She ordered. Harry and Jesse were pushed to the front, because everybody else was so nervous.

“Mr. Potter and Mr. Marin,” Madam Hooch said. “Mount your brooms, please.”

The boys did as they were told.

“I will throw this,” She indicated a small orange ball that she was holding, “Into the air. It flies. It is like the golden snitch, except a little bigger. It will fly away. Potter, you are to catch it. You two boys are just to throw it between you for five minutes. I will tell you after that time to come down.”

Harry and Jesse kicked off the ground and Harry felt something unusual. He had never flown before, but somehow he knew exactly what he was doing.

The teacher threw the ball in the air. Harry zoomed forward and caught it, resulting in gasps from the rest of the class.

He threw the ball to Jesse, who caught it without much trouble. He threw it back and Harry caught it rather skillfully.

After five minutes of this, they flew back to the ground on Madam Hooch’s whistle.

“Potter, I have never seen another student catch the ball that fast! The seventh years on the quidditch team can’t do that, let alone any first years!” Madam Hooch said happily. “Come with me, please!”

Harry shrugged at his friends and followed Madam Hooch.

“You’re joking!” Jesse said disbelievingly.

Harry shook his head. He hardly believed it himself.



Draco walked up. "Shut your mouth, Jesse, you might catch a fly,"

"You'll have your mouth hanging open too, once you hear this," Jesse told him.

"Hear What?" Draco asked.

"Hooch took me to Snape with some other random guy from year six. Hooch convinced them to let me try out for the quidditch team," Harry explained.

"But first years aren't allowed! It's, like, against school rules or something!" Draco said.

Harry nodded. "Hooch said we could look over that detail... I have to go with her to Dumbledore's office next thursday, in the morning..."

"That's so cool..." Draco said. He checked his watch. "I'm gunna do my homework,"

"I'm going to bed," Jesse said.

"Same," Harry said, standing up.

He lay in bed a while later, thinking of quidditch. He was just about to go downstairs to ask Draco more about it so he wouldn't look completely clueless, when he fell asleep.

Poeple seemed to like the Danielle turning Yellow idea, so I used it. Thanks to all the people who helped me with something to do to Danielle and all the people who reviewed! Next Chapter will be up soon. Please R & R!!

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter!!!

“Hey, Mon!”

Monica turned around to see Amelia walking towards her.

Monica sat down on the couch next to Tiffany. Amelia came and sat down on the couch across from her.

“I heard that Potter boy talking to his friends. He’s trying out for the quidditch team!” Amelia told them.

“What?!” Monica practically shouted. She lowered her voice when almost the whole common room looked over at her. “How?!”

Amelia shrugged. “He must be good though...”

“It’s so stupid!” Tiffany said angrily. “He’s only been here a few months and he’s already getting special treatment!”

Monica nodded. “I have to go... do stuff,” She said. She stood up and walked up to the Room Of Requirement.

She walked inside and over to the fireplace. She picked up a bit of floo powder, stepped into the grate, and threw down the powder.

“Lestrangle Manor!”

“Potter! What did I just say?”

Harry lifted his head up out of his hands.

“Add a goat toe-nail to make it green?”

Snape glared at him. “Lucky Guess, Potter. Pay attention.”

Snape began talking again and Harry tried hard to look like he was listening.

“When’s the meeting with dumbly?” Jesse whispered.

“Tomorrow morning. Hooch thought it best to do it on a Saturday, or something like that...” Harry whispered back.

Jesse nodded just as the bell rung.

They went to the great hall for lunch.

Half way through lunch, Hermione came running in with a huge book in her hands. She sat down across from them and put the book down.

“I’ve been thinking about it, and I couldn’t figure out what type of stone would be so valuable. So, I did some research, and it says something in this book about a man called Nicholas Flamel. He did some work on a famous stone or something, but that’s all it said! I think that if we want to know, we need to find Nicholas Flamel.” Hermione told them, all in one breath.

Jesse nodded. “Okay!”

Harry laughed at him. “You don’t know what she said, do you?”

Jesse’s cheeks turned red. “She was talking too fast...”

Hermione explained what she had said, and Jesse nodded.

“So... where would we find him?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know! I’ve tried ‘Famous Witches And Wizards or the 21st Century’ and other books like that, but I can’t find him anywhere!” Hermione said, piling up her plate.

“I know the name from somewhere...” Jesse muttered.

“Oh, and one more thing!” Hermione said happily. “If Ron was right, and Snape really is trying to steal the stone, then he needs to get past that dog!”

“... Yeah? And?” Harry asked.

“ Who do we know that loves all creatures and would give Dumbledore that dog?” Hermione asked.

“Hagrid!” Harry said.

“Let’s go!” Jesse said. They stood up and began walking towards the doors.

“Hey, where’s Draco?” Harry asked, stopping.

“He said something about homework...?” Jesse said. “Come on!”

“ He’s been doing homework a lot lately... he must be really behind...” Harry said, and kept walking.

They got to Hagrids house soon enough and Hermione knocked on the door.

He opened the door and smiled when he saw them. “Hello! Haven’t seen you kids in a while!”

“I know, we’ve been so busy Hagrid, We’re really sorry,” Hermione told him. “We need to ask you something.”

Hagrid frowned. “Come in, then,”

They walked in and sat down at the round table.

Hagrid bought them all tea and sat down. “So, what is it?”

The three students glanced at each other. Hagrid took a sip of tea.

Harry decided to ask him, since neither Hermione nor Jesse seemed to want to.

“Who’s Nicholas Flamel, and what is that dog guarding?”

Hagrid quickly swallowed the tea in his mouth. "How do you know about Fluffy?!"

"Fluffy?!" Jesse asked in disbelief.

"Yes, He's mine!" Hagrid said.

There was silence, and then Jesse asked another question. "Why Fluffy?!"

Hagrid glared at him. "How do you know about him?!"

"We got... lost. We ended up going down there and locked ourselves in with it. Now, what's it guarding?" Harry said.

"That is strictly between Dumbledore and I. Don't go meddling where you don't belong!"

"But... Snape!" Jesse said angrily.

"What about Snape?" Hagrid asked suspiciously.

"He's trying to steal it!" Jesse said.

"Jesse!" Hermione said, sounding exasperated.

Hagrid looked shocked. "Steal it?!"

Jesse nodded. "We heard him talking to Quirrel,"

"Where?" Hagrid asked.

"Third floor corridor," Jesse said.

"Jesse!" Harry and Hermione said angrily.

"When? Why were you in the third floor corridor?" Hagrid demanded.

“It was at Halloween... Oh my gosh, somebody stop me!!” Jesse cried. “I can’t stop telling the truth!!”

“Look, keep out of things that don’t concern you!” Hagrid told them angrily, ignoring the fact that Jesse couldn’t stop telling the truth. “There are more things in there guarding it than just Fluffy, even if he was trying to steal it, which he isn’t! If somebody hears you talking about it, than they might think that you’re trying to steal it, and then you might just end up getting hurt. Don’t go near that corridor again and forget about Nicholas Flamel!”

They were all quiet.

“I need to do some things. I have to go, which means you should go before your lessons start.” Hagrid told them.

They all stood up and walked back up to the castle.

Danielle was standing in the entrance hall. Harry eyed her suspiciously.

“Why can’t I stop telling the truth?” Jesse moaned.

“...I think it has something to do with the yellow, black haired, Gryffindor over there,” Harry said, glancing at his sister. “I’d stay away from her; I think she heard me talking to you about her being yellow. She must know it was you.”

“Come in!” Dumbledore called.

Harry wasn’t even sure how they got to the office. He was too tired; he stayed up with Jesse doing homework last night, whilst Hermione read a gigantic book about wizards, trying to find Nicholas Flamel.

“Ah, Madam Hooch... Harry... How may I help you?”

“It’s about Harry being in the quidditch team. The Slytherin captain has been complaining about his current seeker for ages, and Harry is the perfect candidate. He is amazing on that broom, if you saw him you would know.” Madam Hooch told Dumbledore.

Dumbledore nodded. "I trust you on this, you know a good flier when you see one. And besides, I thought he might, considering his father."

"Yes, I thought he might get it from James...." Madam Hooch said.

Harry suddenly didn't feel tired anymore. "My Father?"

The adults completely ignored him.

"So may I tell the captain that Harry is on the team?" Madam Hooch asked.

"Certainly." Dumbledore said, nodding. "Well, if that's all..."

"Yes, you're a busy man.... Come, Harry." Madam Hooch said, opening the door to his office.

They walked down a moving staircase, but Harry still paid no attention to where they came out from Dumbledore's office. He was just following Madam Hooch, trying to get her to tell him about his father.

"Wait! What was that about my father?!" Harry called to her.

"Mr. Potter, I am a very busy woman. Please go back to your common room, don't spend all Saturday following me around!" She snapped, and then disappeared through a doorway.

Harry walked back to the Slytherin common room slowly. When he finally got there he saw Hermione and Jesse sitting in the corner. He walked over to them and saw Hermione was holding a huge book.

He sat down. "What's with the book?"

"Nicholas Flamel!" Hermione whispered.

"What?!" Harry asked.

“Read it!” Jesse told him.

Over many years, Nicholas Flamel has done work with Albus Dumbledore. He is known for many things, but none so much as the Philosophers stone. The Philosophers Stone is known as the Elixir of Life.

Harry looked up as he finished reading. “Did you find anything else?”

“No, that’s all.” Hermione said, shaking her head.

Harry sat there. “The Elixir of Life... What does that mean...?”

"I think it means you can live forever..." Hermione told them.

"...No wonder Snape wants it... Anyone would want it!" Jesse said.

Harry nodded. He wasn't really listening. He was thinking about it all... And if Snape knew of all the enchantments around the stone... and how to get past them.

Thanks to everyone whos been reviewing... Um, yeah that was the chapter it doesnt take me very long to write them... lol. Umm yeah, I'm writing the next chapter already, so please R&R I want to know what you guys think... Thanks to the David G person, you have the best ideas on what to do to Danielle... and you review lots!! haha umm i hope everyone liked the chapter so PEASE R&R!!!!



“Wake up!”

“No.”

“Harry, now we know you’re awake, idiot.”

“Go away, Jesse.”

“Danielle snuck in, in the middle of the night, and put mutated spiders in your bed, man.”

Harry dived up to see Draco and Jesse laughing.

“Not funny!” Harry said angrily. "She's that evil, she would do that!"

“Come on, Hooch is waiting for you outside.” Jesse said.

“Why?” Harry asked.

“Something about a quidditch captain meeting...” Jesse told him, and then shrugged.

Harry grabbed his clothes and went into the bathroom to change. When he came out, Draco and Jesse were gone. He walked downstairs and out the portrait hole. Madam Hooch was standing there waiting for him with a boy standing next to her.

“It’s about time, Mr. Potter!” She snapped. “This is Jason Lewis. He is the quidditch captain of the Slytherin team. I’ve told him that you’re on the team, so follow him and he will help you a little bit.”

With that she walked off down the hall.

“So, Potter! You’re my new seeker?!” Jason scoffed. “Well, come on. Lets see what you can do.”

He led him down to the quidditch pitch. Harry saw that in the middle of the field were two brooms and a brown box. They walked over to them and Jason turned to him.

“Know anything about Quidditch?”

Harry shook his head. Jason rolled his eyes.

He opened the case.

“This is a bludger.” He said, pointing to a brown ball that was rattling around, trying to break free of the case holders. “They fly around the pitch and try to knock you off your broom.”

He went on to explain the rest of the balls, and then paused when he got to a small golden ball.

“This... is the snitch.” He said, taking it out of the box. “It flies around the pitch, and the first seeker to catch it gains an extra 150 points for their team. That’s your job, as the seeker.”

Harry nodded.

“Mount the broom.” Jason told him.

Harry did what he said.

“Now, I’m going to throw this up and I’m going to see how quickly you can catch it. Got it? If you don’t catch it quick enough, I’ll be talking to Madam Hooch.”

Harry flew into the air. Jason threw the snitch into the air and it flew up off the pitch. Harry zoomed after it.

He got close to it, reached out his hand and caught it.

He flew back to the ground.

“Lucky. There will be more players on the field, making it more difficult. Try again.” Jason told him.

He threw the ball up again and Harry zoomed after it. Soon enough he was back on the ground.

Jason actually looked a little impressed. “Good, Potter. The season starts next month, so I’ll come find you when we need to start practicing. We would like to keep up our winning streak.”

Jason looked around the pitch.

“Well, I guess that’s all. If you’ll excuse me, I need to take all this stuff back.”

He turned around to walk away, but then turned around again.

“Oh yeah, one more thing. You’re going to need a broomstick. I’ll talk to Hooch and Dumbledore about it.”

Harry just stood there, watching Jason walk back to the castle. He was having trouble taking it in. He was on the team.

“It’s almost Christmas!” Jesse said happily, sitting down on the couch across from Harry.

Harry nodded. “Yeah, which means no lessons. Are you going home?”

Jesse shook his head. “Mum told Elle and I not to, she said her and Dad are going somewhere to visit some old friends and we’d be too bored, so it was best if we stayed here. Are you?”

Harry laughed. then said sarcastically “Yeah, fully,”

“Danielle probably is,” Jesse said.

“Yeah...”

Hermione ran up.

“We should go see Hagrid about Nicholas Flamel.” Hermione said straight away.

“Why? He isn’t going to tell us anything...” Jesse complained.

“Because, I need to ask him something!” Hermione said.

“You can go. I need to finish homework. It’s due on the last day of school, and I haven’t really started.” Jesse said.

Hermione looked at him, confused. "How does that work? Last Day is tomorrow..."

Jesse nodded. "I know."

Harry stood up. "I'll come."

Harry and Hermione walked down to Hagrids hut in silence.

Hermione knocked on the door, and Hagrid answered the next second.

He smiled. "Come in!"

They sat down and Hagrid began making tea.

“Why is Fluffy guarding the Philosophers stone?” Hermione asked casually, picking at her nail.

Hagrid dropped the kettle.

Harry picked it up for him.

“What did I tell you?!” He demanded.

“Well, obviously somebody is trying to steal it, so... I did some research.” Hermione said, shrugging.

“Just... Drop it. Okay?” Hagrid began. “And-,”

But something had caught Harry’s attention a few minutes earlier, so he cut across him.

“Hagrid, what is that?!”

Harry was pointing at a huge, Black egg in the fireplace.

Hagrid looked uncomfortable. “Well...”

Hermione gasped, and dropped to her knees in front of the fire to look at it. “A dragon egg!”

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Hagrid opened the door and Ron and Jesse were standing there.

“Hey, Hagrid!” Ron said happily. His eyes wondered over to Harry and Hermione, and then the fireplace.

“Whoa!” He exclaimed. “A dragon egg!”

Hagrid looked even more uncomfortable.

“Don’t go telling everybody, got it? I’m not supposed to have a dragon...” Hagrid said. “I could get fired.

“You could get arrested!” Hermione hissed, glaring at the egg. “It’s illegal to have dragon eggs!”

“Well... I won him, and I couldn’t just leave him at the pub, he deserves a good home...” Hagrid complained.

“Hagrid! You aren’t actually thinking of keeping it, are you?” Jesse asked, amazed.

“Well, yes...” He said.

“Hagrid, have you any idea how big dragons can get?” Hermione asked.

“I know, but...”

“And that they eat a lot a day, usually meat, Meaning people?” Hermione continued.

“Yes, but...”

“And that they breathe fire, which is not good for a wooden house?” Jesse added.

“Fine! I know, I can’t keep him, but what can I do?” Hagrid asked, sitting down at his table.

Hermione thought for a moment. “I don’t know... but I’ll do some research for you!”

“Thanks...” Hagrid said. They could tell by his voice that he still wanted to keep the Dragon.

They all left Hagrid a few minutes later.

“Can you still only tell the truth?” Harry asked Jesse. Jesse nodded sadly.

They got to the entrance hall and saw Danielle. She smiled and walked towards them.

“Run, run, run,” Harry hissed at Jesse. Ron and Jesse ran into the entrance hall quickly.

Danielle had turned to follow them, but Harry stopped her. “What did you do to him, Yellow wonder?”

“What do you mean?” She asked, smiling fakely.

“He can only tell the truth. What. Did. You. Do?” Harry said, slowly and clearly, like he was talking to a four year old.

But Danielle was persistent, and she thought she was a good liar.

“I didn’t do it.”

“You’re a horrible liar, Danielle.”

Her smile faded. She turned around and walked away.

“Oh, nice pink hair streaks!” Harry called after her.

“What?!” She cried, turning back to face him. She lifted her yellow hair and saw blue streaks appearing.

She ran off and Harry smiled. Then his smile faltered.

He and Ron had done that... but she was going to blame Jesse... who couldn’t lie.

‘This is not good...’ Harry thought sadly. ‘Stupid sister,’

OK!! Here's the next chapter! Hope you all liked it!! OK, so I'm getting to the Philosophers stone part with Voldemort, but I have to go back and read half of a chapter, which shouldnt take that long, so the next chapter will be up pretty soon!! Thanks for reading, so now please review. Thanks to everyone who did review for the last chapter!!! Update will be soon.

Harry was not in a good mood today. Ron had decided to try and cheer him up.

They were sitting in the great hall, at the Slytherin table, playing Wizard Chess.

Ron was teaching Harry the rules.

Harry was just about to make his king kill Ron's queen, when Hermione ran in.

"I can't find anything else!" She said angrily. "And I can only think of one place to get more information!"

"And where's that?" Jesse asked, sounding bored.

"The restricted section in the library!" Hermione cried. "And we can't get in there without permission, and it would get back to Snape if we asked a teacher and then he'd know! And then I thought, maybe if we-,"

"Had to ask?" Harry whispered to Jesse.

"Well, even if I didn't, she would have told us anyway!" He whispered back.

"Oi! Wake up!"

"No."

"Fine, I'll have your presents."

Harry's head shot up. "Presents?"

"Christmas, duh!" Jesse said, ripping some paper off a box.

Harry looked at the foot of his bed. There was a pile of presents there.

Harry opened the first one. Something small fell out. Harry picked it up and a note fell out.



To Harry,

From Lily and Damien.

It was a pair of socks.

Jesse laughed when he saw it.

“They must care so much about me,” Harry said sarcastically. “What did you get, Draco?”

“Lots... Jesse?” Draco said.

“Um... few things. Harry, open more of yours!!”

Harry unwrapped a package and a piece of clothing and chocolates fell out.

Harry held it up to see that it was handmade, and had a huge letter H on the front.

There was also a card. Jesse came over, sat on Harry's bed and picked up the card.

“Who's Mrs. Weasley?” Jesse asked.

“Probably Ron's Mum,” Harry said. “Whoa, this was really nice of her...”

“Harry opened a few more presents, mainly ones from his relatives. He finally got to the last present.

He opened the package and something slithered out. Harry realized it was silk after getting a scare and thinking it was something that could actually slither.

They all stared at it, thinking the same thing. Draco finally broke the silence.

“...What is it?”

Jesse picked up a piece of folded paper.

“This must have fallen out.” He said.

Harry took it from him and read aloud what it said.

“Your father left this in my possession before he died. I thought it was about time it was passed on to you. Use it wisely.”

Draco smiled. Harry opened the chocolates and ate one.

Hermione walked in with Elle.

“Merry Christmas!” Elle said to Harry, blushing.

“You too.” Harry said, laughing silently.

Hermione threw a present at his head.

Jesse laughed as Harry ducked.

Harry picked some of the rapping paper up off the floor and threw it at Jesse.

As everyone got into a paper war, Draco leaned back on his bed and sighed. “I love Christmas.”

“We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy new year!” Fred and George sung gaily. They were all sitting in the middle of the Gryffindor table playing truth or dare, which Harry had suggested. They took a while to explain it to the pure bloods, and Harry was surprised when Hermione knew how to play. The only reason Harry knew how to play was because of his Muggle school.

Ron has just dared Fred and George to drink a whole case of fire whisky, and they were currently singing drunkenly.

Fred fell off his chair and everyone began laughing loudly, until Professor McGonagall came in through the huge doors.

Everyone stopped laughing and Ron helped Fred off the ground.

"It was really nice of your Mum to send me a jumper, Ron." Harry said.

Ron's ears turned red. "It's okay, I don't even expect you to wear it..."

Harry unzipped his jacket and showed Ron that he was already wearing it. "I'm cold so I'm wearing two."

"Hey, Harry! You're part of the family now!" Fred said to him happily. Ron's ears turned even redder.

There weren't many people at the feast that night. A few Hufflepuffs, who sat with the three dozen Ravenclaws, the Weasley family, Harry, Hermione, Draco, three Gryffindors and two other Slytherins.

But the number of people didn't matter... because it was the most delicious feast Harry had ever had.

He ate more than he had in a very long time, and by the time he got back to the common room he was so full if he tried to go faster than he was already walking he would have been sick.

He was lying in bed a while later listening to Draco and Jesse sleeping, and couldn't stop thinking about the cloak. Then it hit him.

He could go anywhere. The whole school was his to explore.

He got up and grabbed the cloak from his trunk. He thought about waking the other two up, but he wanted to use it alone the first time...

He walked outside the common room and thought about where to go. The restricted section?

Why not? He thought to himself. He set off down the hallway.

He reached the Library a few minutes later and crept inside. He was careful to step over the rope separating the restricted section from the rest of the Library.

Harry walked along a row of books, trying to read the titles, which were mostly in different languages.

‘Better start somewhere,’ He thought, taking a heavy book down from the shelf. He opened it to a page in the middle of the book and it started screaming. A loud, high pitch scream was actually coming from the book. Harry was so shocked he dropped it on his toe.

Harry had to bite his fist to stop from shouting out in pain. He picked up the book and shoved it back on the shelf, knocking his lamp off the table as he did so.

He heard the library door bang open and quick footsteps. He threw the cloak on and a second later, Filch came around the corner. Harry backed away slowly and as quietly as he could, then when he got to the other end of the book shelf, sprinted.

He was so scared of being caught he didn’t even pay attention to where he was going. And he definitely didn’t know where he was when he stopped.

He glanced around and saw a suit of armour... And then heard voices. They seemed to be coming closer.

Harry looked around, panicking. He saw a door that stood ajar to the left of him and crept through it. A second later the voices were right outside where he was hiding.

“Professor, you told me to come straight to you if somebody was out of bed after hours... Well, someone was in the restricted section of the Library... They left this.”

“The restricted section? Well, they can’t be far. Come on.”

Harry let out a deep breath that he hadn't even been aware he had been holding. It was only then that he looked around the room he had hidden in.

There was nothing in the room except a gigantic, towering mirror. Harry walked towards it. There was something written at the top, but he couldn't read it.

He walked slowly towards the mirror, still trying to read the writing on the top.

Eventually he gave up and looked at the mirror itself.

He gasped and jumped back in surprise. The cloak fell off of him in his haste.

Harry was so shocked because he wasn't the only one standing there when he looked in the mirror.

There was a man standing behind him. Harry turned around quickly, but the man wasn't there. He looked back at the mirror and the man was there again.

Maybe he was wearing an invisibility cloak? Harry reached his hand behind him... if he was there he would surely touch him... they were standing that close together... But Harry didn't touch him. Nobody was there.

Harry stared at the man in the mirror... He had black hair, and it stuck up at the back... like Harry's.

Harry stared at him for another moment, silently. "...Dad?"

The man nodded and Harry felt tears come to his eyes.

"But... how?" He asked sadly.

His father shrugged and put his hand on Harry's shoulder. Harry heard voices and bent down to grab the cloak. He knew he should

get back to bed before Filch found him. Even with the cloak, he couldn't be too cocky.

"I'll come back." He whispered. "I promise."

And then he left the room.

Ok, there it is!! We're almost up to finding the stone, but I don't know who to send down there with Harry... so can the people reading this please tell me who you want to go down to find the stone with Harry...? Thankyou. Hope you liked it!

“You could have woken me up.” Jesse said grumpily.

Harry smiled. “But, do you get it now? I saw my father!”

Harry was excited about going back again tonight.

“Can I come this time? I’d really like to see your father.” Jesse said.

Draco sat down. He glanced at Hermione and turned red. Jesse rolled his eyes.

“What’s this about your father?” Draco asked.

Harry glanced around to make sure nobody was listening. ‘The good thing about Slytherin?’ He thought. ‘Nobody cares about what is happening in other people’s lives.’

“I saw him last night in this huge mirror.” Harry said.

“Maybe you should wait a night before going back. Filch might be there again, in case you come back.” Hermione said.

“Maybe.” Harry said. He had no intention of actually waiting a night. He needed to see his father again.

Ron sat down. “Gryffindor table is boring as.”

“Want to play chess?” Harry asked.

Ron nodded.

Draco conjured the chess board.

They played for a little while. Harry suspected he wouldn’t have lost so badly if he hadn’t been thinking about his father.

Jesse, Harry and Ron were all under the cloak. When Ron had heard he said he really wanted to see Harry’s father. Harry had agreed to let him come because the cloak could hide all three of them.

They walked slowly to where Harry knew the room was. Harry opened the door of the room and took off the cloak. The three boys walked inside, closing the door silently behind them.

Harry walked over to the mirror and was glad to see his Dad standing there. "Here," Harry called to them.

Ron and Jesse walked over and stood beside him.

"I don't see anything," Ron said.

"Here, stand where I am!" Harry said, pulling Ron in front of him and standing back.

Ron tilted his head. "Harry, I don't see your Dad!"

"What? What do you see, then?" Harry asked.

"I see... me! I'm older though. I'm holding the Quidditch cup, and the house cup! I'm head boy... and Quidditch captain too!" Ron sounded gleeful.

"What? Move for a second," Harry said, but Ron didn't move.

"Give me some time, you had it all last night." Ron said.

Jesse pushed Ron away. "My turn."

Jesse stood staring at the mirror for a moment. "Harry... Ron... I don't see what either of you saw."

"What do you see?" Harry asked.

"Stuff... But the point is, I don't see Ron or your Dad."

Jesse was about to continue when they heard footsteps. Harry grabbed the cloak and shoved it over their heads.



The door opened and Filch looked in.

He muttered something about Peeves and walked away.

“We should go,” Jesse whispered, and Harry nodded.  
“Snape.”

“What?”

“Snape!”

“...Yeah!”

“You don’t get it, do you?”

“No.”

Harry, Hermione, Ron, Draco and Jesse were outside, sitting under a tree in the grounds, warming their hands in front of a small fire that Hermione had conjured.

“I mean, I think it’s Snape!” Hermione said.

“What’s Snape?!” Harry asked.

“He is trying to steal the stone!” Hermione announced.

There was silence. “How do you figure that?” Harry asked.

“Well, I’ve seen him lurking around the third floor, I saw him coming out of the corridor Fluffy is in last week, and Snape is limping. I don’t understand that!” Hermione said.

“Shush!” Harry said, pointing at Snape, who was walking towards them. They all sat closer together to hide the fire.

“What are you doing out here?” Snape asked suspiciously.

“Just sitting, professor.” Draco said.

“Potter, what’s that you’re holding?”

Harry held up a copy of Quidditch through the Ages. He had borrowed it from the library a little while ago for some background reading, because he suspected he was on the team.

Snape took the book. “Library books are not to be taken from the school.”

He walked away.

“He just made that up!” Harry said angrily.

“Let’s go before he comes back.” Hermione said.

Harry was sitting in the common room looking out the window. Jesse and Draco were playing chess (not very well, Harry noticed), with Blaise Zabini watching, and Hermione was sitting in an armchair, reading a book.

He wished he had Quidditch through the Ages back. He stood up and told his friends he was going to get the book back from Snape.

He walked out of the common room and down a few hallways. He went to Snape’s storeroom and knocked a few times. He opened the door and saw that Snape wasn’t there. He walked upstairs to the staffroom. The door was ajar and he could hear Snape’s voice. He heard Filch’s too.

“That bloody dog! How do you watch all three heads at the same time?!”

Harry’s eyes widened. He was so shocked he didn’t hear what Filch said. He peered through the door and saw Snape’s robes pulled to above his knees, where there was a bloody wound just below his kneecap.

“You try watching them all at the same time!” Snape snapped at the comment Harry hadn’t even heard.

Harry decided he should leave before Snape noticed he was there, he had heard enough anyway. He began to close the door when he froze.

“Potter!”

Harry looked up to see Snape’s face contorted with rage. He decided to slam the door and run.

He sprinted back to the common room and didn’t stop until he was in front of his friends again.

He told them all what Snape had said.

“And this means that Hermione was right!” Jesse said slowly after Harry had finished.

“ Exactly!” Harry exclaimed. “Snape is trying to steal the Philosophers stone!”

He was back at the mirror. Just sitting in front of it, looking at his Father.

“Back again, Harry?”

Harry spun his head around and jumped up in a panic.

Professor Dumbledore, the Headmaster, was sitting on a desk in front of him.

“Its fine, Harry. I know you’ve been here before.”

Harry didn’t say anything at first.

“So... you have discovered the mirror of Erised.” Dumbledore said finally.

Harry nodded.

“Harry... do you know what this mirror does?”

“No, sir.” Harry said.

Dumbledore stood up and walked over to where Harry was standing.

“It shows you what you most want in the world. Your friend Ron wanted to be as good as his brothers were before him, and he saw himself as better than them. You dislike living with your Mother and Step-Father, so you saw your real Father.” Dumbledore explained. Harry wasn’t even going to ask how Dumbledore knew that.

“Harry... do not get caught up in believing this... many greater Wizards have faded away in front of this mirror... wanting so badly what lies beyond to be real...”

Harry stared at Dumbledore, unsure what to say.

“Harry... the mirror of Erised will be moved to a new home tomorrow... I want you to promise me that you will not go looking for it again.” Dumbledore said.

Harry nodded. “I promise sir.”

Harry was in Defense against the Dark Arts class.

“Teachers wonder why nobody pays attention in this class,” Ron whispered to Harry. “This man stutters so much we don’t know what he’s talking about!”

“Mr. W-w-w-Weasley! Please, p-p-p-pay attention!” Quirrel stuttered.

Ron nodded and rolled his eyes when Quirrel turned away.

Jesse and Ron started playing naughts and crosses whilst Harry laid his head on his desk.

He closed his eyes and saw a faint light. The light came closer and got brighter, and before he knew it he was standing in an empty room.

He looked around. Nothing.

“Tonight...” A low, raspy voice said.

Harry spun around, thinking there was somebody else in the room, but saw nobody.

“Tonight... we will get the stone...” Harry spun around again. Still, nobody.

“Yes, master.” A different voice had spoken. He recognized the voice, but couldn’t quite place it.

“Who are you?!” Harry shouted. Silence. Then the light got fainter, until he was looking at nothing more than darkness.

He opened his eyes to see Jesse looking at him worriedly.

“Harry!” He whispered. “Are you alright?”

Harry nodded slowly. ‘Tonight.’ He thought. ‘Snape is going to get the stone tonight.’

The bell rung and Harry hurried from the room, not waiting for Quirrel to dismiss them. Jesse ran out a moment later. “Harry!”

Harry spun around to face his friend. He pulled him behind a statue that was next to them.

“ Tonight.” Harry said. Jesse looked at him strangely, so he continued. “Snape is going in to get the stone tonight.”

“Why does he even want the stone? It can’t be just so that he can live forever... Can it?” Jesse asked.

Harry knew the answer already. “He wants to bring Voldemort back.”

“But we have to stop him!” Jesse said.

Harry nodded. “Tonight.”

Heyy!! Ok, here is another chapter!! I want to get to the Philosophers stone, so obviously the next chapter is going to be when they go through the trap door! Please review and tell me if you like it!! barely anybody told me who they wanted to go down with Harry, so I chose! Please review and the next chapter will be up shortly!!

I know what you're thinking. 'Wow, an update? no way, i must be dreaming. she's actually updated this story?' well, yes. yes i have. you all probably hate me but this chapter was hard to write, so i left it for a while, but I went back to it and so now i PROMISE YOU I will update MUCH sooner. like, once a week or once a fortnight or something.

Ok, enough rambling.

Disclaimer: I own nothing, etc. etc.

“We have to go!” Harry whispered to Ron and Hermione.

Hermione nodded quickly and motioned for them to stay where they were. She ran into the Slytherin common room and came back with a small bag.

Harry didn't even bother to ask what was in there.

“Are you coming or not?” He asked Ron.

Ron nodded. Jesse ran up behind Harry.

“I can't find Snape anywhere. You must be right.”

“Third floor it is then.” Harry sighed.

Harry pulled out the invisibility cloak and everybody got under it. After a few moments they reached where they were going.

Hermione put the cloak into her bag and opened the door slowly.

Harry gasped.

“It's already asleep!” Ron whispered.

“Snape's already been here!” Jesse whispered back.

They crept into the room, trying not to wake the giant dog.

Harry lifted the trap door slowly and looked down into the darkness.

“How do we get down there? I think we need to jump... What do you guys think? Guys?”

Harry glanced up and saw them all staring at something. He turned to what they were looking at and saw something he hoped was just him hallucinating.

The dog was awake. Hermione screamed.

“Come on!” Harry shouted. He jumped down the trapdoor.

He landed on something soft and within seconds, Jesse, Ron and Hermione had all joined him.

“Wow.” Ron panted.

“Um... what is this stuff?” Jesse wondered aloud.

Hermione glanced at it.

Harry tried to stand up, but was pulled back down again. He narrowed his eyes and tried again. He couldn't stand because of something gripping his arms and legs.

He looked down and felt his heart sink.

He was being held down by a gigantic plant.

He started trying to move again, but the plant just gripped tighter.

“Harry! Jesse! Ron! Stop moving!” Hermione squealed. “This is venomous tentacula! It's a type of plant, the more you move, the harder it squeezes!”

“What?!” Ron hissed, and immediately started struggling harder. “So then what happens, it eats us or something?!”



“ Well, no... it eventually squeezes you to death, actually...”  
Hermione said, leaning backwards.

She fell through the plant and Ron started struggling harder than ever.

“Hermione!” He shouted.

Harry stopped trying to struggle and did what Hermione did. After a moment or two, he fell through. Jesse fell through after him.

“Harry! Jesse!” Ron shouted. “Are you okay?!”

Harry stood up and walked over to Hermione.

“How do we make him stop struggling?” Harry asked.

“Light.” Jesse said simply, standing up. “This plant hates sunlight.”

Hermione nodded. She cast a spell and the whole tunnel went bright, as if a curtain shielding it had been moved.

Ron fell through just seconds later.

“You okay?” Harry asked him.

He nodded. “Yeah... just fine.”

“Lucky Jesse pays attention in herbology.” Harry laughed.

“And Hermione pays attention in everything else,” Jesse added, grinning.

Hermione glanced around. “What is this place?”

“I don’t know...” Harry said, also glancing around the small room.  
“Can you guys hear something?”

Jesse listened. “Yeah! It sounds like... wings?”

Ron nodded. "Yeah, like wings!"

"Over there!" Hermione said, pointing at the corner of the room. "There's a door."

The four of them walked over to where Hermione had pointed. Sure enough, there was a door there.

Harry laughed. "Wow! That was easier than I expected."

Jesse opened the door and walked inside.

There was a door on the other side that had a huge lock on the handle. There were two broomsticks floating in mid-air.

The sound of wings was obvious now. Harry looked up and saw four packs of birds.

He looked closer. No... packs of keys with bird wings.

"Yeah, Harry," Jesse said sarcastically, "Really easy."

"The door obviously won't open without a key!" Hermione said loudly, as Ron tried to open it.

"Yeah, and the key we use is obvious considering the small amount of them here!" Ron shouted, as another pack of about fifty keys flew past his head.

"That one!" Jesse said, pointing. "We need that key."

"Yeah! It needs to be big and old fashioned, like that one." Hermione said, nodding.

Harry grabbed a broom and the keys went into frenzy. They flew faster and ran into each other.

"We need to catch it." Harry said simply.

Jesse grabbed the other broom before Ron could and smirked at him.

They both mounted the brooms and kicked off the ground.

“Jesse! You go that way and we’ll try and corner it!” Harry shouted.

Jesse flew off in the direction Harry had pointed in and Harry flew off in the other.

After five minutes Harry saw the key.

He shot off after it and after a second or two, he saw Jesse coming in the opposite direction.

A pack of keys ambushed him. They were trying to distract him from the right key.

Harry flew downwards suddenly and went around them. Jesse was stopping the key from escaping, and in a few seconds, Harry had grabbed it.

He grinned as he and Jesse flew back to the ground. The keys followed them.

Harry jumped off of his broom and sprinted over to the door, Jesse right behind him. He opened it and everybody ran inside of it before the keys could reach them.

They all heard a noise which told them that the keys had banged into the shut door.

Hermione looked around as Jesse and Harry laughed.

“Where are we?” She whispered.

Suddenly the lights came on.

They were standing on a giant chessboard.

Ron looked around and shrugged. They all walked forwards but the chess pieces blocked their way.

“Can we get through... uh... please?” Hermione asked one of the pieces hopefully.

It shook its head.

“We have to play!” Jesse exclaimed. “and I can’t play chess.”

“Ron can!” Hermione said.

“Uh...” Ron said, as everybody turned to look at him. “Alright, then...”

He stood in a certain square and told the others where to stand. The room became brighter, suddenly.

“Hermione... move forwards two spaces” Ron shouted to her, after the opposing team had made the first move.

Hermione did as he said, looking frightened.

After half an hour there were only two left in the opposing team.

There was silence as Ron thought about it. Then it clicked.

“I need to sacrifice myself...” He whispered.

“What? No!” Hermione shouted.

“Well, it’s either that or we lose and don’t stop Snape! Which is it going to be?” Ron demanded.

“Ron’s right. We need to stop Snape,” Jesse said suddenly.

Ron nodded determinedly. He moved forward one space and, sure enough, the queen moved forwards and knocked him to the side.

Ron lay there, motionless.

Harry gritted his teeth and moved forwards two spaces. The Queen dropped her crown and fell sideways.

They won.

Hermione ran over to Ron and bent down and started shaking him. "Ron!"

Jesse and Harry ran over as Ron opened his eyes.

"Keep going. Stop Snape..." He said, sitting up and groaning in pain.

"What is it?" Hermione asked quickly. "Ron, what's wrong?"

"Leg." He grunted.

"You two stay here," Jesse told them quietly. "Harry and I will keep going."

Hermione nodded as Ron lay back down again. He looked as if he would pass out from the pain in his leg soon.

"Good luck. I know you guys can do it." She whispered.

"See you soon, then..." Harry said, and turned away.

They walked towards the end of the room and walked through the door.

"What now?" Jesse wondered aloud.

"Potions. Snape obviously set this one himself." Harry said.

Jesse picked up a piece of parchment. "What does it mean though?"

Harry read it through. He shook his head.

“We need to figure this riddle out...” He muttered.

Jesse read it through and picked up one of the vials on the table in front of them. He put it back down.

“It’s not any of those.” He told Harry, pointing to five of them.

Harry nodded. After a few more moments, Jesse picked one of them up.

“This is it. I’m sure of it.” He muttered. “Here, drink half and walk through that black fire up there. I’ll be with you in a moment.”

Harry drank half of the vial and ran through the fire, before its effects wore off.

Jesse joined him momentarily. They were in a plain room. They walked through it and through the door on the other side.

There was a man standing in front of a huge mirror, in the centre of the room.

But it wasn’t the familiar greasy hair that they saw.

It was somebody else.

The man turned around and smiled at them.

“Hello, Boys.” Professor Quirrel said, smiling at them.

There was silence.

"What the hell?" Jesse asked loudly.

haha, i hope you guys all liked it! again, sorry about that huge wait. but if you are reading this then you didn't lose faith in me! yay! lol

well next chapter will be up soon, it's half written already so it'll be up really soon..

thanks for reading and I hope you liked it!!

.xx

“Where’s Snape?” Harry asked. No, this wasn’t right. Snape was supposed to be here, not Quirrel...

“Ah, yes... I’m afraid Severus is not here. He is in London tonight on Dumbledore’s orders.” Quirrel told them, still smiling.

“But... why are you here? Why are you smiling, this isn’t funny... Why are you being so polite, shouldn’t you be panicking?” Jesse asked, shocked.

“Why? Only one person is going to be taking the stone tonight and there’s no way that you can stop them, so why panic? And, yes, Mr. Marin, this is funny.” He told the boys, the smile never once leaving his face.

“But... who’s trying to steal the stone... there’s nobody else here...” Harry asked him.

Quirrel laughed. “My goodness, the teachers all say that you’re supposed to be smart, dear boy.”

Harry stared at him.

“But Snape is supposed to be here! He... he hates us, he’s been after the stone for ages...” Jesse said.

“No, no, no... honestly you boys don’t understand at all, do you?” Quirrel asked them.

Harry was silent for a moment. “It’s been you this whole time, hasn’t it? You let the troll in at Halloween... you’ve been after the stone all year, haven’t you?”

Quirrel laughed coldly. “And the slowest horse finishes the race!”

Harry glared at him.

“But... why?” Jesse asked.



“Because, you stupid children... it is meant to be so. I am meant to have it.” He shouted, and he finally stopped smiling.

Jesse and Harry glanced at each other. Harry nodded towards the door briefly and they started running.

The door burst into flames. Harry spun around.

“Come back here, Harry Potter, I’m not finished with you!” Quirrel shouted.

Harry and Jesse glanced at each other, scared.

“I said come here!” Quirrel shouted, waving his hand in their direction. The boys were both dragged forwards by an invisible force.

Harry fell over at the bottom of the stairs and Jesse tripped over him.

Harry scrambled back up and pulled Jesse back to his feet.

“What do you see in this mirror?” Quirrel asked quietly. “Come here are tell me!”

Harry walked over to the mirror and noticed something for the first time.

It was the mirror of Erised.

He stood in front of it and saw... himself.

But he was holding the stone. The mirror Harry winked at him and put the stone in his pocket. Harry was amazed. He reached into his pocket and felt the stone.

He had the stone.

“Well, boy? What do you see?!” Quirrel demanded.

“I see... my Dad.” Harry lied.

Quirrel swore.

“He is lying.”

Harry spun around, looking for the voice.

“What the hell is that?!” Jesse shouted.

“Tell the truth, Potter!” Quirrel shouted, completely ignoring Jesse.

“I am!” Harry shouted back.

“Let me speak to him... face to face...”

“Master, you are not strong enough...” Quirrel told the voice quietly.

“I am strong enough for this.”

Quirrel nodded and began undoing his turban. Harry backed away to stand next to Jesse.

“What’s going on?” Jesse whispered.

“We have to get out of here,” Harry whispered back.

Quirrel smiled at them before turning around.

There was a face on the back of his head. It was the most horrible face the boys had ever seen, with slits for nostrils and red, snake like eyes.

Harry’s scar burned. He screamed in pain.

The man on the back of Quirrel’s head smiled. “Hello, Harry Potter.”

Harry screamed in pain and Jesse’s eyes widened at the sight.

“Come on Potter...” He face said. “Why don’t you give me that stone in your pocket?”

Jesse stared at Harry’s pocket. “Harry...”

Harry stumbled backwards.

“Don’t be a fool; don’t be like your parents. By the time I was finished with your father he was begging me for death...”

“You’re wrong! You’re lying!” Harry shouted.

The face laughed.

Harry grabbed Jesse’s arm and, together, they made a break for the enflamed door.

Harry felt something close around his leg and both himself and Jesse fell over.

Harry looked around, and Quirrel was just standing up behind him. He had flown.

“Get the stone!”

Quirrel dived down again to pin Harry to the floor.

Jesse dived on top of him and knocked him off of Harry.

Harry scrambled to his feet and pulled Jesse up. They made another break for the door.

The boys were knocked onto the ground again. Ropes came out of the ground and bound Jesse’s feet to the ground so that he couldn’t help Harry.

Quirrel held down Harry’s arms and knees. “Give me the stone!”

Harry struggled, hard. “Get off!”

Quirrel took his hands away quickly, as though burned.

“Master, I can not hold him!”

“Kill him, then... get it done with, fool...”

Quirrel reached his hand for his wand. Harry, trying desperately to stop him, reached up and grabbed Quirrel’s face.

Quirrel couldn’t touch him. He pointed his wand at the ropes at Jesse’s feet and they broke, allowing Jesse to move again.

“What’s going on?!” He shouted above Quirrel’s screams of pain.

“Kill him! Kill him!”

Harry grabbed Quirrel’s face again, and Quirrel screamed.

Quirrel pushed him away, but screamed again as his hand’s touched Harry.

Suddenly, Quirrel stopped screaming. There was a faint echo of it, but not a screaming.

Harry looked over...

Quirrel was gone.

“Where... where’d he go?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know... Harry we have to get out of here...” Jesse whispered.

They ran for the door when they heard a noise. Harry spun around and saw a ghost... no, a shadow... but upon a closer look, it was neither...

It flew towards the two boys and flew right through Harry. He fell to the ground, Jesse fell next to him. And then it came...

The darkness... It was closing in around him, he couldn't see...

And then he passed out.

"Quirrel!" Harry shouted, sitting up. He looked around him.

He was no longer in the dungeons with the mirror and the stone. He was in the hospital wing. Albus Dumbledore was sitting next to him, smiling.

"Hello, Harry," He said, smiling.

"He has the stone... Professor, quickly..." Harry said.

"Do not worry, Harry. It was taken care of." Dumbledore said calmly. "The stone has been destroyed, and Quirrel is dead."

"But... how long have I been in here?" Harry asked, leaning back onto his pillows.

"A week. Mr. Marin only left yesterday afternoon." Dumbledore told him.

"So... Jesse's okay? What about Ron? And Hermione?" Harry asked quickly.

"All fine. Mr. Weasley had his leg mended in no time, and there was absolutely nothing wrong with Miss Granger. Mr. Marin is fine now, too." Dumbledore told him.

"But what happened?" Harry whispered.

"You stopped Quirrel. I arrived in time to stop him from coming back and taking you and the stone." Dumbledore told him. "I feared I may have been to late."

“He would have gotten the stone.” Harry told him, nodding.

“I was talking about you. He nearly killed you, Harry.” Dumbledore explained softly.

“But... why didn’t it?” Harry asked his headmaster.

“You had the stone in your pocket. You were holding the stone, and it saved you.”

Harry nodded. “But... what about Nicholas? Won’t he die if you destroyed the stone?”

“Ah, you know about Nicholas, do you?” Harry nodded. “Well, yes, he will die, Harry.”

Harry shook his head. “Why would he let you destroy it? Why would he allow himself to just... die?”

“Well, Nicholas is six hundred years old... it would be like falling asleep after a very long day, I suppose.” Dumbledore told him.

Harry was silent for a moment, before asking his next question.

“Professor, can I ask a few questions? But you have to answer them truthfully.” Harry said.

“You can ask, but I may not answer at all. What I can answer, I will.” He replied. Harry nodded.

“Why did my Mum survive when my Dad died? Why didn’t Voldemort kill her too?” Harry asked.

“You are eleven years old. Unfortunately, I can not answer that until you are older.” Dumbledore replied.

“Oh. Well, you won’t be able to answer any of my questions then.” Harry said flatly.

Dumbledore smiled.

“But, why could I get the stone and he couldn’t? Can you answer that?” Harry asked.

Dumbledore nodded. “The beauty of the mirror. Only someone who wanted to get the stone, but not use it, would be able to find it.” He told Harry simply.

Harry nodded.

“Well, I have intruded here for long enough. Madam Pomfrey is about ready to bite my head off.” Dumbledore told him, standing up. “I shall see you soon, Harry.”

“Come on, let them in!” Harry asked.

“No!”

“You let Dumbledore in, what’s so different about letting my friends in?” Harry asked.

“Well, he’s the headmaster!” She said.

“Five minutes!” Harry begged. She rolled her eyes.

“Fine!” She stalked off.

She opened the doors. Draco, Jesse, Ron and Hermione came in. When they saw Madam Pomfrey was in her office, they let him have it.

“Harry!” Hermione cried. “Are you alright?!”

Draco hit him on the arm. “You git! You didn’t even take me!”

Harry smirked at his friend.

“Whole school is talking about it, mate.” Jesse told him.

“What actually happened down there? Jesse won’t tell us.” Ron said, shooting a glare at Jesse.

Harry told them all everything that happened down there. The mirror, Quirrel, Voldemort, how Quirrel couldn’t bare to touch Harry without being burnt... everything.

“Wow...” Ron muttered.

“Git.” Draco hissed. “How could you not take me?!”

“Sorry, Draco! I couldn’t find you!” Harry defended. Draco smirked.

“What about you two?” Jesse asked.

Hermione shrugged. “We got back alright after Ron came around. It took a while to get back to the trap door with Ron’s leg. We were going to the owlery to contact Dumbledore when we met him in the entrance hall. He asked whether Harry had gone after him and then went to the third floor.”

“...The man’s barking.” Ron said proudly.

“OUT!” Madam Pomfrey shouted. “He need’s rest! You’ve had nearly twenty minutes, now out!”

OK, thanks to the people who reviewed!! i hope you liked this chapter!! the next one will be up soon, i promise!

hope you all liked it

.xx



“I can’t believe I have to go home tomorrow.” Harry whispered to Jesse. They were sitting in the common room, and Harry soon noticed that people in the common room kept staring at him.

“Come to my house.” Jesse shrugged.

Harry’s head shot up and he stared at his friend. “Are you serious? Could I?”

“Yeah.” Jesse grabbed a piece of parchment out of his bag and ripped it in two. He wrote something on one half and gave it to Harry.

“It’s my phone number. Write yours here.” He told him, handing him the other half. Harry wrote down his and handed it to his friend.

“Why do you have a telephone? Your parents are purebloods, why do they want something so Muggle?” Harry asked.

“My sister forced it on us.” Jesse said, rolling his eyes. Harry smirked.

Draco walked over and sat down.

“Hey, Draco, are you...” Harry started, but was cut off by Draco.

“Stop staring, it’s not that bloody interesting!” Draco shouted at a bunch of second years. They smirked at him.

Draco crossed his arms. “Crap that’s getting annoying... They’re even staring at me. I wasn’t even there!”

“Slytherin, Slytherin, Slytherin, Slytherin...”

The whole table was chanting. They knew they had won. The Gryffindors were scowling at them.

“Settle down...” Dumbledore said loudly.

“Alright, I have a few last minute points to hand out... First, to Mr. Ronald Weasley...” Dumbledore said. Ron’s ears turned red.

“For the best chess playing this school has ever seen.” Dumbledore smiled. “I award seventy points.”

The Gryffindors cheered.

“To Miss Hermione Granger... For using common sense in the face of danger, I award seventy points.” The Slytherins erupted in cheers.

Hermione blushed.

“For Mr. Jesse Marin, for brilliance and bravery,” Dumbledore said. “One hundred points.”

The Slytherins cheered.

“And finally, to Mr. Harry Potter, for bravery in the face of Danger, for fighting the Dark forces... and winning.” Dumbledore said. “One hundred points.”

The Slytherin table all cheered again. One person shouted “In your faces, Gryffindor!”

Dumbledore smiled. “So, I am happy to announce that the House that wins this year is Slytherin.”

The Slytherins all cheered and clapped for themselves.

Food appeared on the tables in front of them and Dumbledore shouted “Dig in!”

Harry didn’t touch anything, whilst his friends all grabbed everything in reach.

“Harry, why aren’t you eating, you freak?” Draco asked, with a mouthful of food.

“Not hungry.” He said quietly.

“Why not?” Draco asked.

“I’m going back tomorrow.” He muttered.

“Harry, you’re coming to my house in the second or third week, you won’t spend too much time there. Just have some fun with Danielle until you can leave.” Jesse said, shrugging.

Harry nodded.

“You won’t be there for long. After, I can go to Jesse’s house too. It’ll be fun.” Draco said. Harry smiled. With the thought that he would only be there for a week or two in his mind, he took a plateful of food and dug in.

Harry stepped off of the train and said goodbye to his friends.

“I’ll call you really soon, ok?” Jesse told him. Harry nodded.

He walked away to find his own parents, and Harry just stood there, looking around for them.

“Harry!” He turned to see Danielle.

“What?” He asked her.

“Come on, I found Mum and Dad.” She told him. He followed her and, sure enough, saw Lily and Damien.

“Honey!” Lily shouted, running over and hugging Danielle. Harry rolled his eyes.

He walked past the two women and said stiffly to Damien “Where’s the car?”

“We apparated here, idiot.” Damien told him.

“Ok, lets go, Damien. Hold on, sweetie!” Lily told Danielle. Danielle smiled and held on to her Mother. With a crack they were gone.

“Uh...” Harry muttered, glancing up at Damien. Damien rolled his eyes and grabbed Harry by the back of his shirt. With a second crack, they disappeared.

Harry and Damien appeared right in front of their house.

“In.” Damien snarled at him, scowling.

Harry walked inside, with his trunk in tow.

He walked upstairs and put his trunk in his bedroom.

“Boy!” Harry rolled his eyes and walked back downstairs.

“Yes?” Harry asked through gritted teeth.

“Sit.” Damien snarled.

Harry sat down in one of the armchairs in front of the fire.

“So... what did you do during your first year at Hogwarts?” Lily asked him. “Oh, wait, that’s right... it was all over the Daily Prophet, so maybe the whole wizarding world knows!”

Harry shrugged. “Is that a problem?”

“Yes, it is a problem, you attention seeking little moron!” Lily shouted.

Harry gritted his teeth. He could handle this. He wouldn’t lose his cool.

“You could have died down there! You could have been murdered!” Lily shouted.

“And would you have actually cared?” Harry asked angrily.

“No,” Lily told him flatly. “I honestly wouldn’t have cared.”

Harry felt a pang in his stomach. She wouldn’t have cared... at all?

“Not even in the slightest?” Harry whispered. Lily smirked at him.

"Not in the slightest." She whispered back. "The reason it was even a problem was because we would be in the spotlight. Every family would be sending us things, telling us they are sorry for our loss, and we would have to pretend that we even cared! People would notice, we'd be a laughing stock!"

Harry looked down.

"And another thing," Damien snarled at him, standing up and beginning to pace. "Slytherin! I knew that there was something wrong with you from the moment I arrived here, but Slytherin?! I knew that this place needed some work when I came here, but honestly..."

And then he snapped.

"There was nothing wrong when you came here!" Harry shouted at Damien, jumping up out of his chair. "Everything was great! Everybody was actually happy! But then you came along, and you ruined everything! You made everything so much worse! Well, I've got news for you, Damien! You aren't my Father, you aren't Danielle's Father, and you'll never be accepted here as him!"

A silence followed his words.

"So just give it a rest, Damien!" Harry shouted. "I don't give a crap what you say, I don't care anymore! Why don't you just leave already? There are heaps of single women out there, and you had to choose Lily!"

Damien walked over to Harry.

Harry didn't even see his hand rise... but he sure felt it on his face.

Harry staggered backwards, holding his cheek where Damien had hit him.

"Damien!" Lily shouted, aghast.

"He deserved it." Damien muttered, before leaving the room.

Lily walked over and looked at Harry's face. She didn't say anything to him, but then ran out of the room after Damien.

Harry sat down and Danielle walked over to him.

"Go away, Yellow Wonder." He muttered. She sat down next to him.

"Harry, you did deserve that." She said simply. "But, moving on, why did you go down there, anyway? I mean... to get the stone... why?"

Harry looked up at her. "Quirrel was trying to steal the stone and bring Voldemort back to power. I went down there to stop Snape but it turned out to be Quirrel. But... he killed Dad. I couldn't let him have the stone."

"But... Dad didn't really die in vein, did he? I mean, we have Damien now, who has heaps of money. Honestly, this place is huge!" Danielle laughed.

"You don't even care that he died, do you?" Harry whispered.

"I never knew him... I mean... I have evrything I've ever wanted here... your my twin brother, we have to be a little bit the same, so... I think that you went down there to get more attention than me." She said, smiling slightly. "But it didn't work, did it?"

Harry stood up and glared at her. "Don't you ever stop thinking about yourself? You don't even care that our Dad died, as long as you have everything perfect. You act like a little princess, but there's nothing special about you! I mean, most guys would rather kiss a house-elf

than even look at you, your so stupid, you've got nothing going for you! So why not just drop the act, Danielle?!" Harry shouted.

She looked shocked. Harry walked up the stairs and fell on his bed.

'This is going to be a long two weeks' He thought miserably.

For the next few days, Harry completely avoided his family. He barely even came out of his room. He didn't want to get on the bad side of Damien again... his cheek stung every time he thought of it...

When he didn't come down for meals, Lily came and gave him something to eat. He didn't look at her whilst she was in the room, or give any recognition that he even saw her.

On the eleventh day of this happening, instead of Lily coming upstairs, Danielle came up.

She opened the door and Harry glared at her from his bed, which he was lying on.

"Food." She said, smiling. Harry said nothing, he just looked back down at the letter he was writing to Jesse.

Danielle put the food down and sat at the end of his bed.

"Damien wants me to tell you that he's having guests over tonight. He said that he didn't want you to come downstairs and don't bother trying to make noise to disturb us because he's silenced your room." She said.

"Because I care so much." Harry said sarcastically.

"Look, Harry... you must be going through something rough... getting sorted into the wrong house, and-" Danielle started.

"Wrong house? What's that supposed to mean?" Harry demanded.

"You know... Both Mum and Dad were in Gryffindor and so's Damien and your in Slytherin, so..." She shrugged.

Harry rolled his eyes.

"Well, as long as I'm not with you, I'm happy." Harry told her. "Now, get out!"

Danielle scowled and left the room.

Harry re-read his letter.

Hey, Jesse

Ok, I know that you called me, but Damien wouldn't give me the phone, and I'm not allowed to touch it because I'm grounded. Damien got pretty angry.

Danielle is... I don't think there's a word, actually. She's probably the most self-centered person to ever walk the earth.

Lily is the same, really. She doesn't pay attention to me. She told me when I got back how stupid I was for following Quirrel, but like that really matters.

I haven't been in touch with anybody in the last few days. I'm getting pretty bored.

Can you write back to me with a time as to when your going to come and get me? I can't stand this place much longer.

Harry

Harry walked over to Hedwig's cage and tied the letter to her leg. She put her out of the window and she flew away. Harry sighed.

'I want to go back to Hogwarts.'

I stopped here because I didn't want the chapter to be too long! lol

next chapter up soon! i promise. and it'll be much better :D



lol... ..3

thanks to the people who reviewed the last chapter... :

“Harry, c’mere!”

Harry rolled his eyes and walked down the stairs.

“Phone call.” Danielle said simply.

Harry took the phone from her.

“Hello?”

“Mum says we can come and get you tomorrow if that’s okay.”  
Jesse was chewing on something.

“Awesome. Let me go and ask Lily,” Harry said.

“Why do you call your Mum Lily?”

“It’s her name.” Harry told him.

“Oh. Kay.”

Harry walked into the kitchen to find his Mother cooking Lunch.

“Can I go to Jesse’s for the rest of the holidays? His Mum can get me there tomorrow.” Harry told his Mother.

She shrugged. “I couldn’t care less where you go as long as you aren’t here.”

Harry nodded and left the room. “She said yes.”

“Kay. My Mum will probably, like, apparate to your house or something.” Jesse said.

“Jesse’s Mum will apparate here!” Harry called back over his shoulder.

“Yeah, whatever.” Lily shouted back.

“Yeah that’s fine” Harry said.

“Kay... well, I have to get off the phone... See you tomorrow, then.”

They both hung up. Harry walked back up to his bedroom and started packing.

The next morning

Harry walked into the kitchen the next morning to see three of his family members sitting at the dining table.

“Harry, get out some milk” Lily called. Harry got the milk out of the fridge and put it on the counter.

“Well pour it.” Lily snarled.

“Why? I don’t want any.” Harry said, feigning clueless.

“So, get it for Danielle here.” Damien said.

“Why can’t the princess get it herself?” Harry asked.

Lily stood up from the table. “You are so ungrateful!”

“Oh, and what do I have to be grateful for that I got from you?” Harry asked icily.

“You have a home, you have parents, you have money and possessions... you have everything!” Lily shouted at him.

“Mum, don’t...” Danielle started.

“Shutup Danielle!” Lily shouted. Danielle looked shocked.

“I didn’t get any of that from you!” Harry shouted back. “I have my own money, from Dad, sure I have a home, but in case you’ve never

read the will, the house is actually in your name and my name. We both own half, actually, Lily. Parents... whoa, you're right. Parents. Where would I be without them? Where would I be without someone neglecting me, yelling at me, hitting me and ordering me around like a slave?"

Damien glared at him for a moment.

CRACK

"That'll be Jesse's Mum. I have my stuff, see you all next year." Harry said icily.

He walked out of the room, leaving his shocked family behind in the kitchen to think about his words.

Monica Britt was sitting in an armchair by the fire, watching her Mother pacing before her.

"Mum... what is it?" Monica whispered.

"Be quiet!" She hissed. Monica obeyed.

Bellatrix Lestrangle paced for a few more moments before Monica asked her something else.

"Mum, why isn't my last name Lestrangle?"

"I don't know, the Dark Lord named you Britt. He does not answer to me." She muttered, still pacing.

After a few more minutes, Monica rolled her eyes and left the room.

She walked through her gigantic home, just thinking.

She had doubted a lot of things lately.

As in how reliable her Mother's story of her past was.

She just couldn't see a person doing what Lily had supposedly done.

And why had she had two more children if she couldn't look after her?

She felt anger well up in her chest at the thought of the Potter brats.

They don't deserve the life they have. Lily Potter deserved even less.

James deserved what the Dark Lord gave him... death.

She walked into her bedroom and flopped down onto the bed.

'It's not like you can't do anything about it.' She thought. 'You go to school with them. You don't just have to sit there and let them pass by without a little bit of revenge.'

She smiled. This year, she would make sure to give the Potter kids what they deserved.

Harry was laughing when he appeared in a huge, well lit room.

“And then, if you'll believe it, he asked me to work at the ministry with him because his partner had previously resigned!” Jesse's Mother, Teresa, told him, laughing.

Harry started laughing again as he heard a BANG from upstairs.

“AND KEEP OUT OF MY ROOM!” came Elle's voice

Teresa rolled her eyes. Harry laughed.

“Jesse's upstairs, Harry.” Teresa told him. Harry nodded and thanked her. Teresa walked into the next room.

Harry walked up the main staircase and glanced both ways.

The house was huge, from what he could see.

“JESSE!” Harry called, giving up. He heard running feet and then Jesse came down the hallway.

“Hey, Harry, sorry, I...” Jesse stopped mid-sentence. “What happened to your face?”

“What?” Harry asked, confused.

“Bruise.” Jesse told him, pointing. Harry felt his face.

It was where Damien had hit him yesterday.

“I fell off my broom yesterday. It might be that.” Harry said, shrugging. Jesse nodded.

“Come on, I’ll show you to where you’ll be sleeping.”

They walked along the hallway and turned into another one. One of the doors on the left, Jesse opened.

It was an extremely spacious room, with green carpet, silver walls, green bed spread and silver and green curtains.

“Nice.” Harry said slowly.

“Yeah, dump your stuff and I’ll show you around the house.” Jesse said.

Harry did what Jesse suggested and soon enough, they were on a tour of the house.

Harry had been at Jesse’s house for a week and had gotten lost eight times. He had barely seen Elle or Teresa, and he hadn’t even met Jesse’s father.

“He’s going to be at Dinner tonight. You can meet him then.” Jesse told him.

Harry nodded, smiling.

Harry was nervous about dinner that night, so it obviously came around three times quicker than usual.

Harry walked into the Dining room and sat down next to Jesse. Elle sat down at one end of the table and Teresa sat down at the other.

CRACK

“He’s here.” Jesse whispered.

A smiling, tall, brown haired man with Jesse’s dark eyes walked into the room, grinning.

“Hello, family!” He called happily.

“Dad!” Elle ran over and hugged him. He kissed Teresa’s cheek and Jesse smiled reassuringly at Harry.

“Dad, this is my friend, Harry Potter.” Jesse said loudly.

The mans smile fell from his face. He looked mad.

“Potter?!” He hissed at Jesse. “You brought a Gryffindor into our house?”

“No, he’s in Slytherin.” Jesse said.

“Fat chance.” The man snarled. “Potter...”

Harry stepped backwards and stood behind Elle.

“You’re with a Potter!” He snarled.

“He’s barely a Potter,” Jesse defended.

They fought for a little while longer, Harry sinking further and further back into the shadows.

“Dad!” Elle shouted after a few more minutes. “He’s in Slytherin.”

Jesse’s father gaped at Elle for a moment.

“He’s barely a Potter. I told you that.” Jesse whispered. “He doesn’t even act like his stuck-up parents. So what’s the big deal? You’re judging him because of his father.”

“I am so sorry,” Jesse’s father said quietly to Harry after a moment of silence.

Harry said nothing. He wasn’t sure if he was supposed to speak or not.

“I’m very sorry, Harry. Let’s start over. My name is Orson.” He said quietly. He was obviously embarrassed.

“That’s fine. I don’t blame you. Everybody thinks I’m like my family.” Harry said quietly. He was afraid that Orson was going to start shouting again.

Teresa smiled apologetically at Harry and then hit Orson upside the head.

Orson grinned at his wife.

They all sat down again and Harry let out a sigh of relief.

For the rest of dinner they made small conversation... Harry and Orson still too embarrassed to even look at each other.

“A whole heap of new books this year... Gilderoy Lockhart, Gilderoy Lockhart, Gilderoy Lockhart... New teacher must be a fan.” Harry muttered.

Jesse grinned at his friend, “Gilderoy Lockhart is a right foul git, I swear. Always going on about everything he’s done... Have you ever actually met the guy? Its horrible.”



Harry shrugged. "When should we go and get this stuff?"

"Mum's working today and tomorrow, and obviously, so is Dad... Maybe Thursday?" Jesse said.

"Yeah, ok. Want to go play some Quidditch?" Harry asked.

Jesse grinned. "Are you trying to get better at it for the team?"

"Well, I don't exactly want to get out there and realize I suck." Harry said slowly.

Jesse shrugged. "I wouldn't really mind. It'd be funny,"

After a long day of Quidditch training with Jesse, Harry was just about ready to fall asleep. Harry got changed in the bathroom that was attached to his room, and when he walked out he fell straight onto his bed.

He was lying there for a few seconds before he opened his eyes.

And saw someone staring down at him.

Harry sat up quickly.

It was a house elf.

"Er..." Harry said.

"Harry Potter!" It squeaked. "So glad I is to meet you!"

"You aren't one of my family's house elves... Are you one of Jesse's?" Harry asked slowly.

"No, no, Dobby belongs to another family." The house elf squeaked.

"So, your name is Dobby?"

The elf nodded.

“And... why did you suddenly just appear here if you don't work here?” Harry asked.

“Well... Dobby has come... to warn you.” The elf said, his ears drooping.

“Warn me?” Harry asked, confused.

“Harry Potter... This is difficult to say...” Dobby squeaked. “But... Harry Potter must not go back to Hogwarts this year! He will be in great danger!”

Harry stared at him and then started laughing. He stopped at the look on Dobby's face.

“Oh, sorry... I didn't think that you were serious...” Harry muttered.

“Dobby is very serious sir. Bad things is going to happen, Harry Potter!” The elf said.

“What bad things? Who's going to do them?” Harry asked.

“Dobby can not say, sir.”

“Well, I'm going back. Whatever bad things are going to happen, Dumbledore can sort out.” Harry said.

Dobby shook his head. “Bad things... caused by powers that no decent wizard has...”

“Look, I can't stay at Jesse's all year. I'd have to go back to Lily and Damien's place. I'm not going back to that place... I have to go back to Hogwarts, it's my home...” Harry said.

“You must not go, sir!” Dobby squeaked. “It would be better to go back to your parent's home rather than go to a place with friends who do not even write to Harry Potter!” He squeaked.

“Well, they probably don’t know that I’ve been at Jesse’s house... Ron and Draco and everyone... They must have been sending them back to Lily and- Hold on!” Harry said loudly. “How do you know I haven’t been getting letters?”

The elf was silent. “Do not be mad, sir.”

“Dobby...” Harry said, as he understood. “Give me my letters!”

Dobby jumped off of the bed and ran out of the room, Harry chasing him.

Dobby stopped suddenly. CRACK

He was gone.

CRACK

He landed next to Harry and held on to his arm.

“Tell Dobby you are not going back to school.” Dobby whispered.

"And why would I do that?" Harry asked angrily.

Dobby snapped his fingers and Harry saw a scene emerge in front of him, in a bubble. It was his living room. Damien was reading the newspaper and Lily was doing Danielle's hair.

“Say you will not go back!”

"Dobby..."

A cake flew up into the air above him. It was magnificent... Lily must have spent all day on it.

"Dobby...?"

The cake began floating towards Lily and Danielle. Harry's eyes widened.

"Dobby!"

"Say you will not go back!" Dobby squeaked.

"Fine, I won't go back!" Harry hissed. "I won't go back to Hogwarts."

Dobby nodded. "You is doing the right thing, sir."

CRACK

The elf was gone and the bubble dissappeared.

Harry snorted. "Fat chance I'm gunna keep that promise."

HOPE EVERYONE LIKED IT!! next chapter: diagon alley and back to school... and then we see Danielle again in a bookstore..

... ILL GIVE YOU A COOKIEE!!

yeah just press the little blue button down there... :)

.xx.

“Oi, Harry, hurry up!” Jesse called up the stairs. Harry pulled a shirt over his head as he went.

“Floo powder, come on, Mum is getting impatient!” Jesse said, pushing Harry into the next room.

“Harry, dear!” Teresa said, smiling at him. “Do you know how to travel by floo powder?”

“Er... no. I’ve only ever watched Lily and Damien do it.” Harry told her, frowning.

“Oh, well, maybe you should watch Jesse do it first- then you can try it.” Teresa told him. Jesse stepped forward and took a handful of floo powder.

He stepped into the grate, threw it down and said loudly “Diagon alley.”

There was a roar of green flames and then he was gone. Harry stepped forward nervously.

“Don’t be nervous, Harry.” Teresa said, smiling. “Just do exactly what Jesse did.”

Harry took some floo powder and stepped into the grate. He threw it down and instantly knew that he’d done it wrong. It was in his eyes- he couldn’t see... he couldn’t breathe properly...

“D-d-d-Diagon... a-alley...” Harry spluttered.

There was a roar of green flame and he was spinning through the air...

He fell out of a grate. He stumbled forwards and hit his head on something. He felt a stab of pain before everything went dark. He heard a bell somewhere in the distance before he passed out.

“Harry?”

Where was that voice coming from?

“Harry...?”

Funny... he recognized that voice.

“Harry...!”

Was it coming from that light in front of him? He wasn't sure.

“Harry, GET UP!”

He opened his eyes and had to close them again because of the bright light.

He opened them again, slower. He was looking up at his friend, Draco Malfoy.

He sat up and felt a sharp pain in his head. “Ow...” He muttered.

“You okay?” Draco asked, smirking.

“Yeah... Floo powder... Never. Again.” Harry muttered.

He looked around. There were objects around him that just screamed ‘Dark Magic.’ He didn't like this place.

“Why are you in this store?” Harry asked.

“Dad needed to talk to the store owner about something.”

A man with the same pale, pointed face as Draco's came walking up to them.

It was, obviously, Draco's Father.

“Er... Dad, this is my friend. Harry Potter.” Draco said slowly.

Draco's father held out his hand to Harry. "Lucius Malfoy. Draco has been speaking most highly of you this past summer."

Harry smiled. "Great to meet you, Mr. Malfoy."

"Please, call me Lucius." He said.

"Yeah..." Draco said. He looked nervous, but at the same time a little relieved that their meeting had gone so well. "Yeah!"

He laughed nervously. "Harry's in Slytherin, Dad. Slytherin... his sister is the one in Gryffindor."

Lucius smirked. "Slytherin? Well, it was an obvious choice... just looking at the boy you could tell... Not at all like his loud mouth sister..."

Lucius was talking to himself more than the boys. Harry and Draco shared a look.

"Er... anyone know the time?" Harry asked.

Draco looked at his watch. "12:09,"

"Kay... I need to find Jesse and his Mum. I'm here with them." Harry said.

"Oh, you ended up staying with Jesse then? He said he'd call me but, unfortunately, our idiotic house elf broke the phone." Draco said.

"Come, Draco. Harry." Lucius said suddenly, as he looked out of the window. "We're leaving."

The two boys followed Lucius Malfoy outside of the shop. 'Why was Mr. Malfoy so keen to leave, suddenly?' Harry thought.

"Boys, I'll meet you in Flourish and Blotts. Go. Now." Lucius said suddenly, and he walked in the opposite direction, just as a black cape disappeared around the corner.

Draco smirked. "Care to follow him?"

"Nah. Headache. I'm not up to sneaking at this current moment." Harry said sadly. Draco shrugged and lead the way up a set of stairs.

"Harry! Draco!"

The boys turned around to come face to face with Rubeus Hagrid.

"What the hell are you boys doing down here?!"

"Harry!" Teresa shouted. She ran over and hugged him tightly.

"Glad you only went one grate too far!" Jesse laughed.

"Yeah, Draco and his Dad found me passed out on the floor." Harry said. Draco grinned.

"I was tempted to leave him there, actually."

Elle rolled her eyes. "Come on. I want to meet my friends soon; Hurry up!"

"See you at school, Hagrid... and thanks." Harry said, smiling.

Draco, Teresa and Harry followed Elle inside of the bookstore. There was a crowd up the front.

"What in the world...?" Elle said quietly.

Draco, Jesse and Harry elbowed their way to the front. Draco smirked when he saw who was standing at the front.

"How about some m-?" He started, but was cut off by a Photographer pushing him out of the way.

"Oi!" Harry shouted at the photographer.



“Out of the way! This is for the Daily Prophet!” The photographer growled.

Harry gasped. “The Daily Prophet?!”

“Amazing!” Jesse said sarcastically. “That changes everything!”

“Now we’re doubly angry that it’s not for something at least half decent.” Harry said.

Gilderoy Lockhart had been attracted by the commotion and simply beamed when he saw Harry.

“Is that... Harry Potter?!” He asked loudly.

The photographer gasped and then pushed Harry to the front. Jesse and Draco smirked at their friend.

Gilderoy Lockhart pointed at the camera and whispered to Harry “Smile, Potter, and we’re likely to make the front page.”

Harry frowned at him. This man was as much an attention seeker as Danielle. It sickened him.

“And look over here!” A girl of around twelve called happily. “It’s Danielle Potter, too!”

“One of Danielle’s friends,” Jesse muttered to Draco.

Danielle stepped forwards. Jesse was pleased to see she still had a few yellow streaks in her hair.

The photographer pushed Danielle to the front and she smiled at the camera happily. Harry rolled his eyes.

After a few more photos Gilderoy smiled down at the two children.

“Today, siblings Harry and Danielle Potter came into the store to purchase the required books for their school year. But instead, they will receive my entire collection- free of charge!” He declared, to a round of applause.

“Pathetic.” Harry muttered.

Gilderoy dumped a pile of books in both his arms and Danielle’s, and then made another announcement.

"Now, you may all be wondering why I came into this bookshop this morning?" He began.

“To get attention?” Harry muttered under his breath. Gilderoy didn’t hear him.

“It was to announce that this year; I will be teaching Defense against the Dark Arts at Hogwarts School!” He declared.

The shop applauded, whilst Harry, Jesse and Draco moaned disappointedly.

Harry walked away and dumped his school books into his bag. He handed the unnecessary ones to a nearby group of girls.

“Horrible, isn’t it?” Jesse asked.

“Hey, Harry, can I talk to you for a moment?”

Harry turned around to see Danielle. He pretended to think for a moment.

“In the nicest possible way... no.” Harry said, and then turned back to his friends.

Danielle walked away before the boys heard a familiar voice.

“Harry! Jesse! Draco!”

Harry turned to see one of his best friends- Ron Weasley.

He grinned and walked over to him. A man was standing there, who was obviously Ron's father. Harry high fived Fred and George and winked at Ginny, who blushed. He grinned at Ron.

"You missed it!" Draco complained.

"Harry was just humiliated by Gilderoy Lockhart. Kodak moment and I don't have a camera with me." Jesse laughed.

Ron grinned at his friends. "Guys, this is my Dad." Ron said.

"Arthur Weasley. Pleased to finally meet you." He said. Harry noticed the dirty look that he gave Draco.

"Great to meet you, too, Mr. Weasley." Harry said, smiling politely.

"Well, Arthur Weasley."

They all turned to see Lucius standing in the doorway. Draco rolled his eyes.

"Lucius Malfoy." Arthur said angrily. "What do you want?"

Harry basically zoned out after that. He walked around the Weasley's and past Lucius to see his friend, Hermione Granger, looking at something in the window across the street.

He leant against the doorframe and narrowed his eyes.

A man and a woman, obviously Hermione's parents, hurried up to her. They were grinning like mad.

"Have you seen this?" Harry heard Hermione's Father ask excitedly, pointing at an owl in the shop window from next door.

"It's just an owl, Dad. Practically everyone at school has them." Hermione said.

Mrs. Granger laughed. "Amazing, honestly."

Harry frowned as he realized something.

They were muggles.

Hermione had lied. She had told them that she was a pureblood.

It didn't matter, either way, to Harry. He knew Ron wouldn't care. Jesse wouldn't care either.

It was Draco he was worried about.

"Harry?"

Harry turned to see Draco walking towards him. He couldn't let him see Hermione's parents.

"Er... Draco! How about we go get your books?" Harry asked quickly, walking to the front of the store and grabbing a few of Gilderoy Lockhart's books.

After buying the books and refusing to let Gilderoy Lockhart sign them, they walked back to the front of the store.

Harry saw Lucius take a book out of Ginny's cauldron. He sneered something at Arthur Weasley and then, Harry noticed that he put more than one book back into Ginny's cauldron.

The whole family of Weasley's turned away from Lucius. Draco and Jesse looked up at him.

"Dad, you put two books back in the Weasley girl's cauldron." Draco said.

Harry had to admit. He had smart friends. He thought he had been the only one to notice that.

“Just... helping them out a little bit.” Lucius said, smirking.

Harry nodded. He saw Hermione walk into the shop and she smiled at Harry.

Harry smiled back. Hey, if she didn't want everyone to know she wasn't pureblood, he wasn't going to blow that for her.

Sorry about not updating in ages. I updated all my stories at the same time this time, because when I post these it will be the THIRTY-FIRST OF MAY. Which means that it is my THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY. the best present possible would definately be a review!! thanks!!

:) :) :)

Disclaimer: do you really think I'd be on this site if I was J.K Rowling?  
No, I'd be in my huge money safe actually swimming, yes swimming,  
in my money. I OWN NOTHING!!

“No, that team sucks, moron!” Draco said loudly.

“They do not!” Ron answered angrily.

“Oh and how long has it been since they won?” Draco asked knowingly.

Ron's ears turned red.

“Look, guys, give it up. We have to hurry, anyway!” Jesse exclaimed.

Mrs. Weasley was giving directions as to who should go through the barrier. Harry payed no attention.

Mrs. Weasley turned to the four boys.

“Now, after Arthur and I go through, I want you to go through two at a time, alright boys?” She said.

They all nodded and she turned and went through the barrier with Ginny and Arthur.

Harry checked his watch and nodded to Ron. They set off at a run towards the barrier and Harry closed his eyes before he went through.

Only thing was... he didn't go through. He and Ron hit the wall and toppled over.

“What happened?!” Draco demanded, running towards them, Jesse right behind him.

“It's...blocked!” Ron said slowly, standing up.

“Why would it be blocked, idiot?” Draco asked, helping them pick up their dropped belongings.

“You try going through it then, and you can tell me whether it’s blocked or not... idiot.” Ron growled.

Jesse rolled his eyes. Harry looked up at the clock and his heart sank.

“It’s eleven o’clock. We’ve missed the train!” Harry hissed angrily.

“No, that can’t be right!” Jesse exclaimed.

“It leaves right on eleven o’clock, dumbass!” Draco said angrily.

Jesse kicked the wall.

“Now what?!” Harry demanded.

“We wait for Mum and Dad to come back, I suppose.” Ron sighed.

“Or... Ron, your Dad was telling me that your car could fly... We could fly there.” Jesse said.

Ron’s eyes widened. “Mum would kill me.”

“I don’t really care right now; I want to get to school!” Draco said to him.

“C’mon then.” Harry said. He grabbed his trolley and began wheeling it towards the doors out into the street.

“Wait!” Ron called after them. None of them stopped. Ron ran after them. “I’ll get murdered! And then it’ll be on your conscience!”

“Ron, don’t be such a wimp.” Draco sneered.

“Be more like Fred and George. They’d miss the train on purpose if they got to do this.” Jesse called.

That had done it. Ron grit his teeth and ran to catch up with the rest of them. "Let's do it."

Ron reached the car first. Harry and Ron put all of their luggage in the back, along with Harry, Jesse and Draco's owls and Ron's rat, Scabbers.

Ron sat in the driver's seat next to Draco, and so Harry and Jesse took the back seats.

Within seconds they were rising upwards. Ron jabbed his hand on a button.

"What was that?" Jesse asked, leaning over the seats to look at Ron.

"Makes the car invisible. So muggles don't see." Ron said. He smirked. "I learnt that the hard way when Dad and I flew in it once. Whole heap of muggles saw us."

Draco laughed and then looked out of the window. Harry laid his head back and closed his eyes. This was going to be a long trip.

"How- effing- long?" Draco asked through clenched teeth. "We've been driving for an hour!"

"I don't know. We need to find the train!" Ron said angrily.

"Get closer to the tracks." Jesse recommended.

Ron nodded and pulled the car down a little bit, closer to the tracks.

Jesse stuck his head out the window and looked down. "Hey, anyone else noticed that the car is visible again?"

Draco stuck his head out of the window to check. "What the...?"

"Oh, no! The invisibility must have worn out!" Ron cried.



“It doesn’t matter- nobody is going to see us.” Harry said, speaking for the first time since they had set off.

Ron steered closer to the tracks.

“Can you hear it?” Jesse asked quietly. And sure enough, when Harry tried, he could hear the train in the distance.

“Hey... yeah!” Draco breathed.

Harry waited and, soon enough, the noise got louder.

“We must be getting close!” Ron said happily.

Jesse listened for a second.

Harry’s eyes widened. “Wait a moment...”

Harry and Jesse spun around at the same time to see the train speeding towards them.

“Get off the track!” Harry shouted.

Ron steered the car upwards and to the side of the train. Harry could see people pointing at them out of the windows.

Ron suddenly swerved to the side and Harry felt his door open.

Harry tipped forwards out of the car and, before he knew it, was holding onto the door handle for dear life.

“Harry!” Jesse shouted. “Hold on!”

“What else am I going to do?” Harry shouted back.

Draco dived over the seat and into the back. Jesse grabbed Harry’s other arm and Jesse grabbed the one that was holding the door.

They began pulling, Ron shouting at them from the front.

“Won’t you shutup?!” Draco shouted at Ron. After one last pull, Harry was back inside the car.

Jesse pulled the door shut behind him and locked it. The three boys collapsed on the floor of the car, panting.

“Thanks for that.” Harry panted.

“Anytime.” Jesse muttered.

“How long, Ron?” Draco asked, not even bothering to open his eyes.

“If you weren’t so lazy, you’d notice that we’re already here.” Ron snapped.

Draco opened his eyes and, sure enough, they were flying through the Hogwarts grounds.

“Where do we land?” Harry asked.

“I don’t kn-” Ron began, but was cut off when the car gave a shake.

“What was that?!” Jesse shouted.

The car shook again and they began descending.

“Ron, go slower!” Draco shouted.

“I’m not doing this!” Ron yelled.

**BANG!!**

They all fell forwards a little bit, Harry actually falling through the space between the front seats.

"Is everyone Okay?" Harry asked.

"My wand... look at my wand!" Ron muttered, scared.

Harry glanced down at his wand and saw, to Ron's dismay, that it was cleanly in two, hanging on by one strand of wood.

"What was that?" Jesse whispered. "Why aren't we moving anymore?"

They were all quiet. Ron glanced outside of the window.

BANG!!

They all screamed.

"What the hell is that?!" Harry yelled.

BANG!!

They all screamed again.

BANG!!

The car began to fall sideways.

BANG!!

Harry looked out of the back window and his eyes widened.

The car was stuck in a giant tree. Which, now he looked closer, was rearing back its branches...?

'Normal trees don't do that,' Harry thought.

BANG!!

The boys all screamed again as the car fell forwards, towards the ground.

They hit the ground with a loud crunch.

Harry and Jesse both stuck their heads out either side of the car.

The tree pulled backwards and came forwards quickly.

“Drive, drive, drive!” Draco shouted.

Ron quickly put his foot on the pedal. The car sped forwards and the tree came down behind them.

They put some distance between themselves and the tree and then finally stopped the car.

Harry closed his eyes. Jesse put a hand on his head and combed back the hair that had fallen in his eyes. Draco let out a breath he didn't even know that he had been holding, and Ron bit his bottom lip.

“Dad's going to kill me.” Ron muttered. Harry couldn't help but smile.

There was a noise from the back of the car. All four doors shot open and each of the boys was flung out of the car.

The boys all sat up and watched as the car shot their luggage and animals out. They all caught their pets and watched in amazement as the car drove away.

Ron and Harry dropped their animals and began chasing the car.

“Come back!” Harry shouted.

They stopped and watched as the car drove into the Forbidden Forest and out of sight.

“You know how I said before, that Dad's going to kill me?” Ron asked. Harry nodded. “Yeah, well, that's probably the least he'll do.”

Harry couldn't help but smile.

They walked back to where Jesse and Draco were struggling to pick up their trunks.

Harry cast a spell on his to fly in front of him. The others soon did the same.

“What happened to the car?” Draco asked, as they walked towards the entrance hall doors.

“It disappeared into the forest.” Ron said, glancing uneasily at a nearby bush, which had just moved a little bit.

Ron sped up his pace.

“Oi, wait.” Draco said, coming to a halt next to a window.

“It’s the sorting...” Ron breathed, looking over his shoulder.

Harry elbowed them both out of the way so that he and Jesse could see. Draco and Ron scrambled behind them, trying to see.

Harry could see a child sitting up the top, with the sorting hat on his head, looking terrified.

Harry glanced at the Slytherin table. Hermione and Blaise Zabini were looking up and down the Slytherin table, presumably for them.

“Hang on...” Ron whispered.

“What?” Harry asked.

“Where’s Snape?” Ron asked.

The other three boys all glanced up at the staff table. His seat was empty.

“...the hell?” Jesse muttered.

“Where could he be?” Draco asked.

“Maybe he got sacked?” Ron suggested.

“Nah, there’d be another teacher sitting in his place then...” Harry answered.

“Maybe he’s sick?” Jesse asked.

“Maybe he’s dead?” Ron suggested.

Everyone stared at him, and none of them even bothered to answer.

"Maybe he's working on something difficult for the first year to do. He's like that." Ron said.

“Hate to break up this little Gathering, but wouldn’t you all like to know where Snape really is?” Came a voice from behind them.

They all turned, slowly, to see Professor Severus Snape glaring down at them.

“Well, well, well...” He said, smirking. “Aren’t we in trouble now...?”

“You were seen!” He snarled, throwing the Daily Prophet onto the desk in front of him.

“Professor Snape, we-” Ron began, but Snape cut him off.

“I don’t care!” He hissed. “You have broken at least fifty school rules, and at least twenty magical laws!”

Ron looked at his feet.

“And, luckily for me, most of you boys are in my house... which means that I have a hand in your punishment...” He said, smiling grimly.

Harry’s head shot up. He glared at him.

‘You evil little git!’ Harry thought angrily.

“And I suggest that, maybe; you go and collect your things from the entrance hall, before you are expelled. It would be easier to already-”

“Nobody is going to be expelled tonight, Severus.”

The four boys spun around. Professor Dumbledore was standing behind them.

“But, professor, they have broken rules and laws. They are in my house and I-” Snape began angrily.

“I am aware that they are in your house. But I am headmaster.” Dumbledore said. “I know that these boys have done wrong, and they will pay for it. But for now, off to bed. You’ve all had a long day. I shall be speaking to you tomorrow.”

They were all grinning. “Thanks professor...”

They all ran out, Harry looking at Snape and seeing a look of plain fury on his features.

Harry, Draco and Jesse ran into their common room to a round of applause.

Harry bowed. The other two simply grinned.

Hermione and Blaise ran up to them.

“Flying a car into the school! You’re lucky you aren’t on the train home right now!” Hermione hissed.

“Missed you, too, Hermione.” Harry told her, smirking.

“Why did you even do it?” Blaise laughed.

“The barrier sealed itself,” Draco said.

“Which was weird because it wasn’t supposed to close for another five minutes,” Jesse added.

Harry’s eyes narrowed as he remembered his encounter at Jesse’s house.

None of this could have anything to do with Dobby the House Elf, could it?

YAY! another chapter... thanks to the people who reviewed and messaged me saying happy bdayy, haha.

umm. yeshhh.. i hope you all liked that chapter!! certainly took a while to write..

err... please revieww.. tell me what you think?



Harry couldn't help but grin the next morning. He had woken up with his cheeks hurting, which was definitely a first for him.

His smile widened when he saw what the post brought for Ron.

A large red envelope fell onto Ron's head. Hermione sat down across from him.

"What's that?" Hermione asked.

Ron's eyes widened and he whispered "Howler."

Harry snorted. "This should be good to- ouch!"

Harry lost his train of thought and saw a different red envelope sitting in his lap. His was sealed differently. He had more time to open it.

Ron grabbed his letter. Harry took his arm and they sprinted towards the Slytherin dormitory, laughs following them all the way there.

Harry slammed the door behind them and threw his letter into the corner of the room, beside Hedwig.

"Open yours first," Harry snarled at Ron.

Ron bit his lip. "Block your ears."

Harry did as he was told. He hummed loudly to himself, but could still hear a few words.

He opened his eyes and Ron nodded. He unblocked his ears.

"My turn?"

Ron nodded glumly.

Harry walked over and picked up his letter. He opened it slowly and closed his eyes before it began.

“HARRY POTTER!”

Harry winced. He really hated his Mother’s voice.

“HOW DARE YOU STEAL THAT BLOODY CAR!! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT THIS HAS DONE?! DAMIEN IS FURIOUS WITH YOU; HE’S HAVING HELL AT WORK... LUCIUS MALFOY IN HIS BLOODY FACE EVERYWHERE HE GOES, TAUNTING THAT HE MERELY GOT OFF WITH A WARNING AND DAMIEN IS PAYING THE PRICE...”

Harry really couldn’t care less what happened to Damien. He hoped it was bad.

“BUT THAT’S RIGHT, YOU DON’T CARE! BECAUSE LUCIUS’S SON IS YOUR FRIEND... YOU ARE SO UNGRATEFUL, EVERYTHING WE’VE GIVEN YOU... AND THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY US?! FIRST YOU DISHONOUR THE FAMILY... BEING IN SLYTHERIN, AND NOW YOU’RE TRYING TO RUIN US! YOU JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU... IF YOU DO ONE MORE THING THIS YEAR, WE’LL BRING YOU STRAIGHT HOME, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!”

Harry nodded, even though Lily couldn’t see him.

Did she realize what could have happened if he’d opened it in the Great Hall? The whole school would probably know that Lily wasn’t the caring Mother she was supposed to be. He doubted Ron’s Mum had said anything along those lines.

“Not the nicest, is she?” Ron asked quietly.

Harry shook his head. Ron really had no idea how bad she could get.

“Harry?” Jesse called.

Harry looked up from his breakfast.

Jesse sat down across from him and began speaking.

“I really think that this year we should let Danielle have it. And so, Draco and I made a list of possible things to do to her. It’s not that long, but I’m sure we’ll think of more stuff later.”

Harry smirked. “And what types of things will be on this list, exactly?”

Jesse shrugged and handed him a piece of folded paper. Harry opened it and read all of them. By the end he was grinning.

“Today I think number ten will be good.” Harry said, smirking.

Jesse nodded. “Ah. One of my favorites, too.”

Jesse ran over to Danielle. “Professor Snape wanted me to give this to you.”

Danielle read it, frowning. “What does he want?”

Jesse shrugged. “Honestly, I have no idea.”

“Do you know where he might be? It says I have to see him before I go to any classes, because it’s important... and I have Herbology in a few minutes...”

“I don’t know.” Jesse said again.

“Well, do you at least know where he might be?” Danielle asked impatiently.

“Um... I could make a list?” Jesse offered. Danielle nodded.

Jesse took a blank piece of paper out of his pocket and leant it against the wall. He wrote down two columns, one titled ‘Where he will be’ and the other ‘where he won’t be’.

He wrote down a few places in each.

Danielle took it and smiled at him. “Thanks for this.”

“Oh, it was my pleasure.” Jesse grinned.

Danielle walked away and Jesse stepped around the corner and gave the thumbs up to Draco and Harry. Harry grinned.

“That should take her at least a few hours.” Jesse promised.

“And in exactly six hours from now, the wording on the note from Snape will change.” Harry finished.

“Lucky I can do Snape’s signature so well.” Draco said proudly.

The other two laughed.

“Come on, we’ll be late.” Jesse said, still smiling.

“Everybody! Greenhouse three today!”

Harry and Jesse looked up to see Professor Sprout walking towards them... and Gilderoy Lockhart walking along behind her.

He was talking to her. He had a smile on his face, but she looked like she would like nothing better than to feed Lockhart to whatever was in Greenhouse three.

She rolled her eyes. “Fine! Take Potter, just go, Gilderoy, I have a class!”

Lockhart grinned. “Thank you, Professor Sprout. Potter, may I speak to you?”

“Which one?” Harry called sarcastically.

Draco smirked. Even if it was Danielle, he wouldn’t find her any time within the next few hours.

“You, of course, Harry.” His grin never faded. Harry also had the urge to feed Lockhart to what was in Greenhouse three.

Harry walked towards Lockhart. Lockhart nodded towards the castle.  
“Shall we take a walk?”

“Why?” Harry asked. “I’ll just have to come back.”

Lockhart nodded. “Yes, well, I suppose so.”

He led Harry behind a row of nearby bushes and turned to face him.  
“Harry, Harry, Harry.”

Harry folded his arms and raised his eyebrows at the Professor.

“Harry, when I heard... I could have kicked myself. I knew that it was all my fault.”

“I’m afraid I have no idea what you’re on about.” Harry said flatly.

Lockhart smiled. “Flying a car to Hogwarts, Harry! I seem to be the only one to know why you did it. It’s so obvious, Harry...” He sighed.

Harry tilted his head to one side. “What exactly is so obvious?”

“I gave you the taste for publicity, my boy. Simply couldn’t wait to get the front cover of the paper again.” He was grinning.

Harry couldn’t help but laugh. “Excuse me, Professor, but that’s absurd.”

Lockhart reached out to grasp Harry’s shoulder, but Harry was quick. He stepped backwards. Lockhart’s hand dropped at his side.

“Harry, I understand. I really do! I blame myself for giving you the first taste, of course now you want more... But, Harry, you can’t just start flying cars to get yourself noticed! Calm down! There’s plenty of time for that when you’re older. And I know what you’re thinking. ‘It’s alright for him; he’s already an internationally famous wizard!’ Don’t worry; when I was your age, I was even more of a nobody than you!” Harry interrupted before he could go any further.

“Professor, that was probably the furthest thing from my mind. We flew the car because we missed the train and we wanted to get to school. And really, before you get caught up in believing you’re my role model, because you’re really not, you should probably know that I’m not a fan of you. At all. Oh, which reminds me, I’m not exactly a nobody, am I?” Harry lifted his long fringe so that Lockhart could see the Lightning bolt scar. He usually kept his hair long to hide it.

But still that grin did not fade. “Harry, you’re just upset. You’ll get your fame some day. And to practice, I volunteered to take you for detention. Come to my office Thursday at around six o’clock.”

“Yay.” Lockhart didn’t seem to catch the sarcasm.

With that, Harry turned and headed back to the greenhouses.

This would be a long year.

Lockhart walked forwards slowly, grinning. He pointed of the life-sized picture of himself resting against the blackboard.

“Me.” He declared.

And then Harry zoned out. He rested his head in his arms, trying to block out all of Lockhart’s idiotic rambling.

He was doing a good job until he heard the word ‘Test.’

His head shot up. Lockhart was handing out a test sheet. Harry inwardly groaned.

‘And this is what you get for not studying this summer.’ He thought angrily.

Jesse turned to face him with his eyebrows raised.

Harry shrugged. They both turned the paper the right side up and their frowns slowly turned into smirks as they read the questions.

- 1) What is Gilderoy Lockhart's favorite colour?
- 2) What is Gilderoy Lockhart's secret ambition?
- 3) What, in your opinion, is Gilderoy Lockhart's greatest ambition to date?

Harry grinned at how pathetic the situation was, and how delightfully easy it would be to take advantage of it.

Around half an hour later, the class was finished.

Harry and Jesse were seeing each others answers. They both knew that they would get zero of them right. They tried their hardest to get the most far fetched answers they could.

Harry laughed. "I like number seven's answer."

Jesse shrugged. "I like number fifty four of yours. 'What is his ideal birthday present?' 'Sun Dress and Concealer.'"

Lockhart walked around slowly, taking their exam papers.

"Until I finish marking them, you are all to read chapter three." Lockhart said, and with that he sat down and got out a red quill.

The rest of the class took out their textbooks. Harry, Jesse and Draco simply relaxed in their chair and closed their eyes.

Twenty five minutes later, Lockhart was done.

He stood in front of the class, biting his lip.

"Honestly, this wasn't nearly as good as I expected. Hardly any of you remembered that my favorite colour was Lilac..." Lockhart said.

Harry and Jesse smirked.

“But Miss Hermione Granger got every single question right!” He exclaimed.

Harry’s mouth fell open. Draco looked at Hermione in horror. Hermione simply turned red.

“Ten points to Slytherin, Miss Granger.” Lockhart said, smiling. He then turned to Jesse, Draco and Harry.

“You three... you seem to have quite a funny bone there, but I’d really like it if you did not bring your humor into my classroom.” He said simply.

The three of them grinned at each other when he turned away.

The Hufflepuff girls in the room shot them glares.

Lockhart looked up at the clock. “Blimey, is it that late already! Time flies, children, and we will have to pick up from here in our next lesson. Good day.”

...

Harry and Draco were walking along the hallway to go to their last class of the day, arguing about the Quidditch teams.

“Are you kidding? Have you seen the Hufflepuff team? They’re much worse than the Gryffindors!” Harry laughed.

“Pfft. Gryffindor team is the definition of the word Disastrous.”

A first year popped up at Harry’s elbow.

“Hi, Harry!”

Harry stepped backwards in fright.

“Er... hello.” Harry said slowly.



“I’m Colin Creevey! I’m in Gryffindor, but I’m still a huge fan!” Colin squeaked.

“That’s... interesting.” Harry muttered. Draco was having a silent fit of laughter.

“Do you mind if I... see your scar? It’s just difficult because of your hair.” He said quickly. Harry noticed that the boy always talked quite fast, and that his voice sounded a little bit like a squeak.

Harry raised his eyebrows. “That’s the whole point of my fringe, but okay.”

He lifted his hair and Colin’s eyes widened.

“Wow, Harry! That’s so cool! I know all about you, of course, as soon as I found out I was a wizard I started learning a lot about you! It was pretty cool, being a wizard. I didn’t expect it! My Dad’s a milkman, Harry, and I’m a wizard!”

Harry nodded sarcastically. “Excellent.”

But this boy would not be discouraged.

“Do you mind if I take a picture, you know, to prove I’ve met you?” Colin asked excitedly.

“Er... I’m not a big fan of pictures.” Harry said. Draco bounded forwards.

“Don’t worry, Colin, here, give me the camera. I’ll take the picture of you and Harry with pleasure.” Draco said, grinning. Harry shot him a glare.

Colin handed the camera to Draco and stood next to Harry. The flash was blinding.

Draco laughed. He took another few and by the end of the term that came to Draco’s mind was ‘If Looks Could Kill...’

“Thanks, Harry! Well, I have to go to class, I can’t wait, Potions should be really interesting!” Colin said happily.

Harry nodded. “Yeah... Potions is the best subject there is at this school!” He said sarcastically.

Colin grinned wider. "Thanks, Harry, I'll see you later!"

With that, he ran down the hall.

“That was... pleasant.” Draco laughed.

“HARRY!”

Harry and Draco spun around to see Danielle running towards them. When she reached them, she took a piece of paper out of her pocket.

“Danielle.

Hope you had a good first day trying to find Snape, but unfortunately he didn’t actually want to see you.

Bets Wishes,

Harry.” She read aloud.

Harry smirked. “And did you find Snapey?”

“I hate you!” She shouted. “I missed my whole first day of second year!”

Harry smiled pleasantly. “Hope you enjoyed it, then.”

With that, Harry and Draco turned and walked away.

Please don't hate me. It's been quite a while since I updated, yeah, I know. But I lost track of what was happening and I lost the book. I

found it yesterday morning and wrote the next chapter. I hope you all liked it.

If you press the little blue button down there, the one that says GO then it will bring you luck!

By the way, does anybody know when the new Batman movie comes out, with Heath Ledger??

Hope you liked it!

“Get up, Potter!”

Harry opened his eyes to see a Slytherin fifth year glaring down at him.

“Do I know you?” Harry asked groggily.

He rolled his eyes. “I’m Marcus Flint. The new quidditch team captain.”

Harry nodded. “Great. What do you want, exactly?”

“You’re on the team. Get up, we’re practicing.”

“It’s only two weeks into term!” Harry complained. He glanced at the clock on his bedside table. “And besides that, it’s only ten thirty! Nobody gets up before twelve on weekends!”

“Stop complaining and get up! The team sucks and I just got Snape to sign a form saying that we can train you today instead of the Gryffindors, who booked the pitch. Now get up!” Flint hissed.

Harry glared at him and stood up. Flint threw a pair of green robes onto Harry’s bed and left the room.

Jesse and Draco both stood up and stretched.

“What are you doing?” Harry asked them both.

“Coming to watch you practice.” Jesse said, getting a pair of jeans out of his trunk.

“Duh,” Draco muttered, throwing a pair of shoes onto his bed.

“Well, hurry it up. Flint seems mad.” Harry told them.

“He won’t be much longer,” Jesse yawned.

“Why not?” Draco asked, pausing for a moment and looking up.

“You heard him. The Gryffindors are practicing today. It’s an unwritten rule that most Slytherins hate Gryffindors. When he starts fighting with the Gryffindors, it’ll make his week.” Jesse said simply.

“Huh.” Draco muttered.

“Should be interesting.” Harry said, smirking.

“Wonder how long it is until we hate the Gryffindors?” Draco said.

“I already hate some of them. First example: Colin Creevey.” Harry said, rolling his eyes.

Jesse smirked. “Just hurry up.”

Harry, Jesse and Draco walked down the stairs and into the common room. Hermione walked up to them.

“Ready?” She asked, grinning.

“How did you know we were going down to the pitch?” Jesse asked.

“Easy... Flint told me.” Hermione replied.

Draco had gone quiet. Harry turned to him and realized that he was a light shade of red.

They walked towards the Slytherin team.

Flint handed Harry a broom with the words ‘Nimbus 2001’ written on the side.

“Where did you get those...?” Draco demanded.

Flint gave him a strange look. “Your Father gave them to the team...”

“Really?” Draco asked, dumbstruck. Flint sniggered.

“Come on, everyone.” He called. The team filed out of the common room.

“I’ll take Hermione up ahead. You find out what’s on Draco’s mind.” Jesse whispered to Harry. Harry smirked and nodded.

Jesse took Hermione’s arm and they walked faster. Harry turned to Draco, but did not stop walking.

“Your crushing on Hermione, aren’t you?” Harry asked simply.

Draco turned red again. “Yes.”

Harry grinned. “And...?”

“I want to ask her out, but she’ll say no.” Draco muttered.

“No she wont. She’ll say yes. So when did you start?” Harry asked.

“During the holidays, I guess. She’s just a bit... different, I guess. She doesn’t follow any of the crowds. And she has this thing about her... Like something mysterious. Like she’s hiding something, something big.”

Harry’s grin faded. Yeah, what she was hiding was pretty big. And if Draco found out he wouldn’t even be able to talk to her.

Harry’s eyes widened. “Oh, crap, please hide me!”

Harry dived behind Draco and tried to hide.

Draco looked ahead and laughed. “Wonder if he was waiting for you?”

Colin Creevey was standing in front of the Great Hall, glancing around at the Slytherin team. He was definately looking for Harry.

Harry closed his eyes. "Please don't let him see me..."

"Harry!"

Draco laughed again. "He saw you."

Harry stuck his head to the left and saw Colin walking towards him. He inwardly groaned.

He grabbed Draco's arm and began walking faster.

"Can't talk, Colin, Quidditch practice, don't follow or the captain will turn you into a frog!" He yelled over his shoulder.

Colin nodded and waved to him, before turning and walking the other way.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Little idiot."

Draco smirked.

"So are you going to ask Hermione out?" Harry asked.

Draco shrugged. "I suppose so... soon. Not now, but soon."

Harry nodded and bid his friend goodbye. He walked up to Flint.

"What do we do about the Gryffindors?" Harry asked curiously.

Flint laughed. "This should be fun."

The whole team walked out onto the pitch, shoving Harry behind them. Harry rolled his eyes.

"FLINT!"

"Yes, Wood?" Flint asked calmly.

"What the hell is this? I booked the pitch for today!"

“Ah, but I have permission from Professor Snape.”

The boy named Wood read out from a piece of parchment.

“ ‘I, Professor S. Snape, give permission to the Slytherin team to practice today, as they need to train their new seeker.’ You have a new seeker? Who?”

Flint pulled Harry forward.

“Harry Potter? I could have guessed!” Wood snarled.

“Easy, Wood. He has talent, this isn’t a money thing.” Flint replied angrily.

“Then where are the new brooms from?”

“Lucius Malfoy,” He said it as if it was obvious.

Hermione, Jesse and Draco were suddenly standing next to him. Ron was standing next to his two brothers, Fred and George. Funny guys. Harry actually did like them. They made him laugh.

“What? Why is she here?” A girl demanded from the background.

Harry turned to see who had spoken.

Monica Britt, Slytherin fourth year, and very proud to hate Harry. He had no idea why, he had never even spoken to her. She was pointing at Hermione.

“What do you mean?” Draco asked, narrowing his eyes.

“Is she in Slytherin?!” Monica asked disbelievingly.

“Yeah, she is!” Jesse said to her angrily.



“But she’s a Mudblood!” She said loudly.

Everyone went silent.

“What the hell?” Jesse asked.

Monica’s friend, Marcus Leeth, stepped forward protectively. “Are you calling her a liar?”

“Maybe I am!” Jesse challenged.

Marcus stepped forwards and Hermione pulled Jesse back.

“Please, don’t!” She hissed.

“But they’re calling you-” Draco began angrily, when Hermione cut him off.

“If all this will just stop, then I’ll admit it! I am half-blood, happy? What’s the big deal?!”

Draco stepped backwards.

“You’re a Mudblood?!”

Ron stepped forwards, brandishing his wand.

"Stop calling her that!"

There was a blinding green light. Ron flew backwards.

Hermione and the whole Gryffindor team ran over to him. He sat up and spat out a slimey bug.

The whole Slytherin team collapsed in hysterics.

Harry and Draco fell onto all fours. Jesse fell soon after them.

“This... is so mean... but so... funny!” Harry gasped.

Draco just nodded and kept laughing. It was a while after the whole Gryffindor team ran off the pitch that the Slytherins stopped laughing.

“Ah... this was fun, but I really don't feel like practicing now.” Flint said.

Everyone else muttered their agreement.

And with that, they all began walking back up towards the castle.

Harry stopped. “Should we go see Ron?”

Jesse shrugged. “Sure.”

“I'm not going anywhere near that stupid Mudblood.” Draco snarled. He turned his back on them and continued towards the castle.

Jesse watched him walk away. He sighed.

“Little idiot.”

Knock, Knock, Knock

Hagrid opened the door. “Harry! Jesse! I've been waiting to see you boys!”

Harry smiled up at his large friends face.

“First two weeks are always the worst.” He said.

Hagrid laughed and motioned for them to go inside.

Harry and Jesse went and sat down next to Ron and Hermione.

Hermione was looking at her hands.

“You feeling okay, Ron?” Harry asked.

Ron nodded. "Lucky you didn't come a few minutes ago. Lockhart was here."

"A complete idiot!" Hagrid muttered. Harry laughed.

"He thinks the reason we flew here is because I want to be as famous as him." Harry told Hagrid.

Hagrid frowned. "I stick by what I said before. A complete idiot."

Jesse looked over at Hermione. "Hermione, are you okay?"

"What, you don't hate me for being Muggle born?" She asked icily, looking up.

"No, but if you keep that attitude up I'll hate you for a different reason." Jesse replied, glaring.

"Hermione, we don't care. It's just Draco. He's feeling... weird, I guess. He really, really liked you, but if his Dad hears he's even been speaking to a Muggle born, he's dead." Harry told her.

Hermione looked over at Harry. "I don't understand what my parentage has to do with anything."

"I don't understand how Monica even knew that you weren't a pure blood in the first place." Jesse said.

"She probably saw you and your parents in Diagon Alley. That's how I found out, at least." Harry said, shrugging.

"Er, no... No, Professor Snape told her, actually." Hagrid said suddenly.

The three second years turned to look at him.

"He let it slip in one of his classes." Hagrid said softly.

“...Bloody moron.” Jesse muttered.

There was a silence... broken every now and then when Ron would spew slugs into the bucket he was holding.

Harry sighed and looked out the window. “We should go, Hagrid.”

“Yes, I understand, it’s getting late, I suppose.”

They bid goodbye and began walking back towards the castle.

Professor Snape met them in the hallway. “Potter, Weasley, Marin! You will all do your detentions tonight.”

They all groaned.

“Weasley, you’ll be helping Filch clean the Trophies. Marin, you’ll be helping Professor McGonagall prepare classes of this week- she’ll be needing to move a lot of dangerous animals for her seventh years. And Potter, you will be helping Lockhart answer his fan mail.”

Harry’s eyes widened. “What?!”

Snape smiled evilly. “That is final.”

He walked away.

“Stupid Mother-” Harry was cut off by Hermione laughing.

“What?” Jesse asked, glaring at her.

“The looks on your faces... Besides, you did deserve it.” She said, still laughing.

The three of them turned and stalked away from her.

OK, this is probably the quickest I've update in ages. haha

thanks to everyone who reviewed last chapter!! I hope everyone liked this...

Next Chapter: Dueling Club and Hearing Voices... along with having some fun teasing the Hufflepuff's in the Library.

Then in one next few chapters, there will be some Quidditch :D

Harry knocked on Lockhart's door with a growing feeling of dread. Nothing good would come of this evening.

Lockhart opened the door and positively beamed when he saw Harry. Harry merely scowled.

Lockhart motioned inside and Harry walked in. He sat down at a desk next to Lockhart's, and soon enough Lockhart had dumped a bag of envelopes in front of Harry, before sitting down himself.

"You can address the envelopes, Harry."

"I kind of guessed that much."

They lapsed into silence; Lockhart seemed shocked at Harry's supposed lack of interest in him.

Lockhart told Harry the names of people, Harry writing it down in a messy scrawl- messier than his own hand writing by any length.

"So, Harry, calmed down a bit since the car fiasco? Listened to my advice, I hope?" He asked, grinning again.

"Professor Lockhart, I didn't do anything because I look up to you. Really, don't flatter yourself. I really don't look up to you at all. I did it to get to school. I'm not sure how many times I have to tell you that before you get it out of your head that you're my idol and you've inspired my life with that little speech in front of the greenhouses." Harry said, not bothering to look up from the envelope he was writing on.

"Ah, Harry, I see what's happening here," He began, but Harry cut him off.

"Isn't it school rules for teachers to call students by their last names? Wouldn't want you to get fired, Professor..." Actually, he would like nothing better than for Lockhart to be fired.

"Mr. Potter, then. I see what's happening here,"

“I highly doubt that...”

“Your mad because I told you to calm down a little bit. You wanted to be more like me, and for me to tell you not to act like that, it was torture!”

Harry groaned and began banging his head down on the table in front of him. Honestly? He'd rather face Fluffy from last year single-handed with no wand than spend any more time in the company of Gilderoy Lockhart.

“Headache? I wouldn't do that, it will make it worse.” Lockhart commented. Harry hit his head against the desk even harder.

Harry began losing track of time after he had been there for an hour.

Lockhart babbled on, not noticing that Harry was not paying attention.

And that was when he heard it.

A voice of cold venom, making Harry shiver... Of hatred, a hiss, speaking words...

‘Come... come to me...let me rip you... let me tear you...let me kill you...’

Harry's head shot up. “What?!”

“I know, six solid months on the top of the best sellers list! Broke all records!” Lockhart beamed at Harry's sudden interest.

“Not that, I don't care about that... That voice, did you hear it? That voice...” Harry muttered.

“Voice? What voice, Harry?” Lockhart asked, confused.

Harry shook his head, scanning the room.

“Perhaps you’re getting a little drowsy... Great Scott, we’ve been here nearly four hours! Time just flies when your having fun, doesn’t it, Harry?” Lockhart laughed slightly.

Harry turned to face him.

“Oh, yes. Four solid hours of fun.” Harry snarled sarcastically.

“Now, Harry, you can’t expect a treat like this every time you have detention...”

“A treat? I’ll remember that, okay, Professor.”

Not waiting to be dismissed, Harry walked out the door.

Harry ran straight to the Slytherin common room and up to his dormitory.

Jesse was already there, nursing a bandaged hand.

Harry walked over to Jesse’s bed. “What happened?”

Jesse looked up. “I feel sorry for those seventh years that face those nasty animals.”

Harry didn’t bother to ask what they were. He glanced over at Draco, fast asleep.

“How long has he been back?” Harry asked curiously. Jesse snorted.

“Professor Snape kept him in for a good ten minutes. After that, he came back here. He woke up when I came in. Bragging about how it comes in handy to have a well connected Father. Not really my fault that my Father isn’t a big fan of McGonagall. And I have to admit, after this, neither am I.” Jesse muttered, clearly angry at Draco's luck.

Harry smirked.



He went to bed soon after, decidedly not telling Jesse about the voice he had heard.

But what harm could come of hearing something strange when he was tired?

“Halloween tomorrow.” Hermione sang, sitting down across from Jesse and Harry in the Slytherin Common Room.

“Yeah. You’d think after a month of ignoring Lockhart since that stupid detention, he might get it... But still as idiotic as ever...” Harry muttered.

Jesse grinned.

“Guys, come on. I’m hungry.” Draco said, walking to stand next to the couch they were sitting on. Blaise was right next to him.

“Hi, Draco.” Hermione said, turning slightly red. Ever since Draco had found out that Hermione was not a pure blood, he had completely ignored her.

And this time was no different. He didn't even look at her.

“Come on. Get up.” Blaise said to Jesse and Harry.

They sighed and stood up. Hermione was staring at the ground.

Harry shot Hermione an apologetic look, before following Draco, Blaise and Jesse.

They were outside of the entrance hall when Ron came up to them.

“Hey, I'll be sitting with my brothers tonight, okay?” Ron said.

Harry was about to reply, when he heard the voice that he had heard last month in Lockhart’s office, making him stop in his tracks and shudder involuntarily.

“Rip... Tear... Kill...”

Harry fell against the door of the great hall, breathing heavily and listening hard. Nobody in the hall noticed them.

“Harry! What-” Jesse began, but Harry held his hand up to silence him.

“So hungry... For so long... kill... time to kill...”

“Listen,” Harry whispered. The four other boys froze and strained their ears.

“Kill... so hungry...”

The voice was becoming fainter. It seemed to be moving up the main staircase. Harry set off at a run.

The other four were behind him.

“Harry!” Ron yelled.

They were behind him, running through the suddenly empty corridors.

“Kill... I smell blood... I smell blood!”

Harry ran faster.

“It’s going to kill!” Harry shouted, as they all ran up several sets of stairs.

“Harry! Wait!” Draco shouted.

“What’s going to kill?!” Jesse demanded, coming to a stop beside the now unmoving Harry.

Harry listened hard. Then he heard it... The sound of movement from an upstairs corridor.

Harry ran up the stairs, the other four boys right behind him.

He ran into the third floor corridor, glancing around.

“What’s that?” Draco asked.

Harry looked down. They were all standing in a puddle of water.

They walked forwards quickly.

“Harry, what’s happening?” Ron demanded, sounding frightened.

“I never told you guys this, but in Lockhart’s detention I heard... a voice. It wasn’t just a voice, I don’t think that the thing was... human, exactly. It was saying something about ripping, and killing. I heard it again, just now...” Harry said, not stopping. He walked faster as he saw something at the end of the hallway.

“What’s that?!” Jesse asked suddenly, pointing to something on the wall.

Harry looked up.

“The chamber of secrets has been opened... enemies of the heir beware.” Harry read to the others.

“It’s written in blood.” Ron sounded disgusted.

“Look.” Jesse whispered, walking forwards.

Hanging from a lamp on the walls was something small... Something dead.

They all stepped backwards, away from it.

There was a sound of oncoming voices.

“We have to get out of here, quickly.” Jesse said.

“Too late!” Draco moaned, as a group of students began walking down the hallway.

They came from all sides except one... The one where the water seemed to be coming from.

Hermione was with Elle at the front of a crowd of Slytherins.

Draco couldn't help but smirk. He looked up at the wall.

“Enemies of the heir, beware?” He said loudly, turning to Hermione. “You'll be next, Mudbloods.”

“Move, move!”

Harry spun to see Filch. Oh, no...

“What's going on here?” He demanded. His eyes followed those of Hermione's and he fell back, clutching his heart.

“My cat!” He shrieked. He turned to Harry. “You did this!”

“Me?!” Harry demanded, shocked.

Suddenly Dumbledore was there.

He stared up at the wall.

Harry quickly grabbed Jesse's arm and pulled him backwards. If he was lucky, he could disappear into the crowd...

But Dumbledore turned to him.

“You five. Come with me.” He said, looking at Ron, Harry, Draco, Jesse and Blaise.

“My office is nearest, headmaster! Feel free to use it...” Lockhart said, stepping forwards.

“Thank you, Gilderoy.”

Snape and McGonagall followed them all. Lockhart walked with a spring in his step.

“Please don’t think that this makes you important.” Harry said coldly to Lockhart.

Lockhart looked shocked. Snape smirked and looked like he was fighting a laugh.

They soon reached Lockhart’s classroom. Harry saw a few of the portraits dive out of the paintings, their hair in curlers.

Draco snorted. “Nice...”

Dumbledore placed Mrs. Norris on the desk. He leant in close to examine her.

Harry, Draco, Jesse, Blaise and Ron all fell backwards. Draco’s eyes darted to the door and Harry knew he was contemplating leaving.

“Yes, so unlucky I wasn’t there... I know the exact counter curse that could have saved her...” Lockhart was saying proudly.

He then went into a detailed explanation of how he saved the people of a small community from werewolves. Harry wondered what werewolves had to do with anything... before he remembered it was Lockhart.

Finally, after a few minutes, Dumbledore straightened up.

“She is not dead, Argus.”

Lockhart stopped talking abruptly.

“N-n-not dead?” Filch choked out.

“She has been petrified.” Dumbledore continued.

“Ah! Thought so!” Lockhart said quickly.

Harry was getting sick of him. He spun around and glared at him. “I thought you just said you knew she was dead?”

“I was humoring you, Harry-” Lockhart began.

“I believe I asked you to call me Mr. Potter.”

“Mr. Potter, then...”

Dumbledore continued as though they hadn’t interrupted.

“She has been petrified. How, I can not say...”

“Ask him!” Filch cried, stabbing a finger at Harry.

“Why me?! What have I done?!” Harry repeated, shocked.

“And how do you figure that it was him?!” Ron asked.

“He must have found out I’m a... a... a squib! It’s just the type of people all Slytherins are!” He replied, glaring.

“Why? What house were you in when you went to school here?” Jesse asked, taunting Filch. “Oh... that’s right... you didn’t go to school here...”

“No second year could have done this.” Dumbledore told Filch.

Harry began silently communicating with Draco.

“If I may speak, headmaster...?” Snape drawled.

Harry closed his eyes. Nothing that Snape said could put him in a better light.

“Perhaps Potter and his friends were just in the wrong place at the wrong time.” Snape continued, and Harry’s eyes shot open. He stared at Snape incredulously.

“However,” He pressed on, “Why was Potter so far from the Halloween feast, and so close to the attack?”

He was about to continue when Dumbledore interrupted. “Innocent until proven guilty.”

“But why were the brats so far from the hall in the first place? Going to break something...?” Filch muttered.

“No!” Harry said quickly, before any of his friends could answer. “We went to meet Ron at his common room. We were coming back downstairs when we reached the water on the floor and walked down the hallway to see what was happening.”

Jesse shot him a look. Harry shook his head slightly, telling him not to say anything about this lie.

Dumbledore turned to Filch. “Professor Sprout has recently managed to procure some mandrakes. As soon as they reach their full size, we will be able to make them into a potion and revive her.”

“I’ll do it! I’ve done it so many times, I could make it in my sleep.” Lockhart butted in.

“Will you give it a rest?! Whichever way the conversation goes, you say that you knew it all along. Will you stop pretending- we all know how much of a clueless git you are!” Harry couldn’t stop himself before his outburst at Lockhart.

Harry didn't know if he could be expelled for talking like that to a teacher. But he didn't care. He was too full of his hatred for Lockhart to care.

Snape seemed to be trying not to laugh again. He then turned to Lockhart and sneered, "Last time I checked, I was the potions master at this school."

"Alright. Boys, you may leave." Dumbledore said. Harry nodded and walked quickly from the room, everyone else behind him.

They didn't stop until they reached the Entrance Hall.

"Do you think I should have told Dumbledore about the voice?" Harry asked.

Blaise shook his head. "No. Even in the wizarding world, hearing voices is not normal."

"You do believe me... don't you?" Harry asked them.

They all nodded.

"Definitely." Jesse told him. "Of course we all do."

"Must admit it's kind of weird..." Ron said.

"I know it is." Harry replied. "But then again, there's not really much normal about this place."

Jesse snorted.

"The Chamber has been opened. Enemies of the heir, beware." Blaise recited. "What does it mean?"

"It rings a bell." Draco said mysteriously.

"I never knew Filch was a squib." Ron said suddenly.

Blaise, Harry, Jesse and Draco tried not to laugh.

"It's funny just because it's Filch." Jesse grinned.



“Come on. We should get back to the common room. Tell Hermione what happened.” Harry said.

Draco rolled his eyes. “Hermione this, Hermione that, Hermione, Hermione, Hermione... Honestly, does the fact that she’s a Mudblood bother none of you?!”

They all shrugged. Ron said goodbye and left.

The remaining boys walked down to the common room, all of them lost in thought.

‘What did it mean?’ Harry silently wondered. And then more important questions floated to his mind.

What was Lily going to say when Danielle told her... and what would she do to him when she realised he had been 'seeking attention,' in her words?

And why did these things always seem to happen to him?!

It feels good to get that out. It's been ages since i've updated. really sorry about that!!

The next update will be sooner than the last. I promise! Duelling club next chapter, and another prank on Danielle :D

Revieww? Hope you liked it.!

“Is she trying to read every book in the library before holidays?” Jesse asked Harry, staring at Hermione as she ran around the library looking at different books.

“Probably something to do with the dumb Chamber of Secrets...” Harry muttered. “Everyone else is trying to find out about it.”

“What’s with your little sister?” Jesse asked Ron.

Ron shrugged. “Don’t know. She was fond of cats. That might be it.”

Elle snorted. “Notice how nobody else is sorry about Mrs. Norris? Does she know why that is?”

There was a growl from behind them. They all turned in their chairs to see Filch glaring at them.

Elle hurriedly turned back to her book. “So I was thinking for our potions essay we could maybe write about the effects of polyjuice potion...?”

Filch slouched out of the door.

“We have a potions essay?” Harry asked worriedly.

“No, why?” Elle replied, turning the page of her magazine... which was rested in her potions book.

Harry and Jesse laughed as Hermione came and sat down across from them.

“What’s up, Hermione?” Ron asked, not looking up.

“All the copies of Hogwarts: A history are taken, and the waiting list is huge!” She complained.

“So?” Harry prompted.

“I couldn’t bring my copy because of all Lockhart’s books!” Hermione complained.

“You know he’s a pervert, too?” Elle asked distractedly.

Jesse raised his eyebrows.

“I kind of realized yesterday in his class. You and Harry skipped, you wouldn’t know.” Elle said, smirking at her brother.

"Can't blame him, Elle..." Harry said, looking her up and down.

"Harry..." Jesse warned. Harry looked up.

"Oh, sorry, man, it's so easy to forget she's your sister. Forget I said that, okay, Elle?" Harry said, flashing a grin.

“Anyway,” Hermione pressed on, trying to ignore the interruption.

“Anyway...” Harry repeated, rolling his eyes at Ron.

“Why do you want it, anyway? I read the first few pages. I think I fell asleep.” Ron said.

“I want it for the same reason everyone else wants it.” Hermione replied.

“The building-up-to-it-dramatically thing would work so much better if we actually cared enough to listen...” Harry muttered to Jesse.

“And why does everyone else want it, Hermione?” Elle asked, smirking.

“To find out about the Chamber of Secrets!” Hermione finished.

“Huh. Well, now you say it, it’s kind of... obvious.” Jesse said.

“No way!” Ron groaned.

Harry raised his eyebrows. "You actually care?"

"No, I'm still six inches short on Binns essay!"

Jesse sniggered.

"Hermione, let me borrow yours." Ron begged.

"No, you've had weeks to finish it!" Hermione snapped.

"Oh, give it a rest, Hermione. What is it with you and homework? Oh, no, we didn't do six inches of essay one time, what's wrong with copying just the one time?" Harry demanded.

"You never do your homework. You copy every time." Hermione snarled.

Harry shrugged and looked back down at the book he was reading about vampires (simply reading it for something to do), "Too true, my friend."

"Well, come on, Binns class." Elle said, standing up and putting her magazine in her bag.

A few minutes later, they were walking into Binns classroom. Harry sat between Jesse and Draco.

Harry sighed and began to get comfortable on the desk. He opened one eye lazily and saw Jesse doing the same.

It was maybe halfway through the lesson when Binns stopped talking abruptly.

Harry opened his eyes and saw Hermione's hand in the air.

"Man... she even listens in this class..." Harry muttered.

"Mudblood nerd." Draco hissed. Hermione didn't hear him.

“Miss... er...?” Binns asked Hermione.

“Granger. Sir, I was wondering what you can tell us about the Chamber of Secrets.” Hermione asked.

Binns glared slightly. “My subject is history of magic. I report facts, not myths.”

He began talking again and Hermione raised her hand.

Draco was trying not to laugh at the look on her face. Harry had to admit that he was, too.

“Miss Grant?”

“Please, sir, but don’t all myths and legends have a basis of fact?”

“No?” Jesse guessed.

Binns didn’t hear Jesse. “Well, yes, someone could argue that, I suppose, but the one you speak of is so ridiculous... ludicrous, even...”

Harry glanced around the class. It may have been the first time in his teaching career that more than two people were actually listening to him.

“Oh... very well... The Chamber of secrets...” He seemed to be trying to remember.

“Hermione, do me a favor?” Harry asked casually.

“Yes?” She replied.

“Wipe that proud look off of your face. It’s quite annoying.” Harry replied, beginning to doodle on the edge of his History of Magic book.

Hermione poked her tongue out at him and he grinned cheekily back at his friend.

“You all know that Hogwarts was founded over 1000 years ago... the precise date is uncertain... by the four greatest witches and wizards of the age. The four school houses are named after them: Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, Gryffindor, and Slytherin.” Binns said.

“Duh.” Draco muttered.

“The built this castle far from Muggle eyes, for it was a time where magic was feared by common people and witches and wizards suffered much persecution. For a few years, the founders worked in harmony together, seeking out youngsters who showed signs of magical ability and bringing them into the castle to be educated. But then disagreements sprang up between the four founders. A rift began to grow between Slytherin and the others...”

“Slytherin, Slytherin, Slytherin...” Draco and Jesse chanted under their breaths.

“Slytherin wished to be more selective in the students who came to this school. He believed magical learning should be kept within all-magic families...”

“It’s what I’ve been saying. Mudblood’s don’t have a place here.” Draco said, looking at Hermione pointedly.

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Get some new insults, dumbass. That ones getting old pretty fast.”

Harry started laughing at the look on Draco’s face. Jesse high fived Hermione under the table.

Binns cleared his throat.

“Oh, sorry. Continue.” Jesse said, looking up at the teacher.

Binns sighed and continued. "After a while, there was a serious argument on the subject between Slytherin and Gryffindor, and Slytherin left the school. Reliable historical sources tell us this much, but these honest facts have been obscured by the fanciful legend of the Chamber of Secrets. The story goes that Slytherin had built a hidden chamber inside the castle, one of which none of the other founders knew of. Slytherin, according to the legend, sealed the Chamber of Secrets so that none would be able to open it until his own true heir arrived at the school. The heir alone would be able to unseal the Chamber of Secrets, unleash the horror within and purge the school of all who were unworthy to study magic."

A silence followed his words. Everyone was waiting for more to the story.

"The whole thing is nonsense, of course. Naturally, the school has been searched for evidence of such a chamber, many times, by the most learned witches and wizards. It does not exist- it is a tale told to frighten the gullible." Binns said.

"But none of them were Slytherin's heir, were they?" Jesse asked.

"Mr. Matting, it would not matter. It does not exist." Binns said.

"What do you mean exactly by the horror within?" Hermione wondered aloud.

"It is believed to be a monster of some sort... one which only the true heir may control." Binns answered.

"But I agree with Jesse. Nobody else would be able to find it unless they were Slytherin's heir." Said Seamus Finnigan.

"Nonsense, O'Flaherty..."

"But sir, you'd probably have to use some kind of Dark Magic to get inside..." Parvarti Patil piped up.

“Just because a wizard doesn’t use Dark Magic doesn’t mean that he can’t, Miss Pennyfeather...”

“Maybe you have to be related to Slytherin?” Dean Thomas suggested.

“I highly doubt that that would mean a thing, Mr. Tockniss...”

“But, sir, is there a reason that you can’t seem to get our names right?” Draco asked, resting his head on his arm.

“Mr. Mollaty, that is completely unnecessary... But anyway, it is a solid myth. None of it exists and we will return, if you please, to solid fact!” Binns said, ending the discussion.

Soon enough, Harry was asleep after Binns started talking about the Goblet war of 1663.

“Why is everyone so interested in the stupid Chamber of Secrets? That was probably some seventh year, angry with Filch and decided to play a prank on the cat. People shouldn’t get so worked up!” Jesse complained.

“I want to go and look at where the attack was. Do you mind?” Hermione asked.

“But... I’m hungry...” Ron muttered.

“Come on, idiot.” Harry rolled his eyes.

They reached the corridor and Ron stopped dead. “No way.”

“What?” Harry asked.

“You go ahead. I’m not coming down there.” Ron said.

“Why? The Spiders?” Jesse wondered.



“Yes.”

Jesse snorted. “They’re just spiders, Ronny.”

They seemed to be fighting to get through the small crack in the glass.

Harry grabbed Ron’s arm and pulled him past the spiders.

Ron whimpered as they passed.

“Toughen up or I’ll turn your cloak into a giant spider.” Jesse threatened.

Ron nodded and walked up to the wall with the message written in blood.

“There are scorch marks...” Hermione murmured.

“There was water on the floor that night. It must have come from in there.” Ron pointed to a bathroom.

They all walked forwards.

Ron stopped and turned around.

“There aren’t any spiders.” Harry teased.

“That’s a girl’s bathroom.” Ron replied, ignoring the jest.

“Nobody will be there. It’s Moaning Myrtle’s place.” Hermione said.

“Moaning Myrtle? You really need to explain these things.” Harry said, shaking his head slightly.

Hermione rolled her eyes and opened the door. They all walked inside.

Harry glanced around. It was dark, it was gloomy, it was empty, and it was flooding.

“Man, this is depressing.” Jesse said after a moment of silence.

“Who’s there?” Came a high pitched, whiney voice.

A ghost of a girl floated out from a cubicle. She had large, round glasses and had a look about her that Harry didn’t really like.

“This is a girls bathroom. They’re not girls.” Myrtle said, gesturing to Harry, Ron and Jesse.

“No duh.” Jesse muttered, rolling his eyes.

“Ask her if she saw anything.” Harry whispered to Hermione.

“What are you whispering about?” Myrtle asked, narrowing her eyes slightly.

“Oh, nothing!” Harry said quickly.

“I wish people would stop talking about me behind my back! Even if I am dead, I still have feelings...” Myrtle whined.

“Don’t flatter yourself. Nobody wants to waste their breath talking about you, anyway.” Jesse said, taking a stick of gum from his bag.

“Jesse!” Hermione hissed as Myrtle let out a long, high pitched moan.

Myrtle began sobbing and dived into a toilet.

“Huh. Never seen anyone dive into a toilet before.” Jesse said matter-of-factly.

“Thanks, Jesse, you just completely ruined our chances of...” Hermione started.

“Give it a rest. We can come back another time. No biggie.” Jesse shrugged and led the way out.

“RON!”

They all turned to see Percy Weasley running towards them.

Harry smirked. This would be interesting...

“That’s a girl’s bathroom! What were you...?” Percy demanded.

“Relax. It’s empty, anyway. We needed t use the bathroom, and it’s the only one on this floor.” Harry lied.

Ron rolled his eyes. “And we thought we might look for clues.”

“Get away from there!” Percy hissed, grabbing Ron’s arm. “Do you know what this looks like? Coming back here whilst everyone is at dinner?”

“We have every right to be here, we never laid a finger on that bloody cat!” Ron said heatedly.

“Why are you back here, anyway? Looks a bit suspicious.” Jesse said.

“Five points from Slytherin!” Percy snapped.

“I’m just telling the truth! That’s not fair!” Jesse complained.

“Want to make it fifty points?” Percy challenged.

“Percy, quit it.” Ron said.

“And you might have thought of Ginny! She’s been crying her eyes out, thinks you’ll be expelled...” Percy said.

“So she thinks we attacked the cat? Great.” Harry muttered.

“You don’t care about Ginny- you’re worried it will stop you from becoming head boy!” Ron snapped.

“Five points from Gryffindor, and don’t let me catch you here again!” Percy said to his brother, before stalking away.

Draco was doing his Charms homework. He had a large book open in front of him.

Jesse, Blaise and Harry all sat, copying off of a piece of paper with the supposed correct answers for their Transfiguration homework.

"Where did you get this, anyway?" Harry asked Jesse.

"Nicked Hermione's and copied it with a spell." Jesse said, writing an answer down.

"What the hell!" Draco said suddenly.

The other three boys looked up at him.

"What?" Blaise asked. "You have a problem with copying the Mudblood's answers?"

"No... But it says here that when witches and wizards were burnt at the stake, they had to cast a simple charm and it would just tickle them... they just had to act like they were in pain... Man, that is cool. I wonder if I could do that?" Draco said, reading from the book.

He stood up with his wand.

"Er, Draco... you'll need to cast-" Jesse began, but Draco cut him off.

"I can do it, Jesse, okay?"

"Go ahead, dude."

Draco cast a spell quickly and a fire appeared at his feet.

He began jumping up and down, trying to escape the flames.

Harry cast another spell and the flames dissappeared.

Jesse raised one eyebrow.

Draco nodded. "Forgot the spell. Yeah, I realise now."

Harry and Elle sat in the great hall playing Exploding Snap.

Ron, Jesse and Hermione were there, too, simply watching them.

"Who can it be, though?" Hermione whispered.

They all knew what she meant.

"Let's see. Who do we know who thinks Muggle-Borns are scum?" Ron asked in mock puzzlement.

"If you're talking about Draco-"

"Of course I am!"

"No way. Under no circumstances. Get that thought out of your head, Ron." Elle said.

"That's stupid. It's obviously not." Harry said.

"Think about it- it all fits!" Ron said, annoyed.

"No, it doesn't." Harry said. And with that, all of them got up from the table, leaving Ron by himself.

"Just think about it." Ron called after them.

And no matter how much they all tried, for the next few hours, it was all that they could think about... and how, if you looked closer, it did all fit...

Hope you all liked it.

Next chapter will be up soon- I promise!

Please review!! They make my day.

Marcus Flint was sitting with his back against the wall of the changing room, simply waiting.

“Oi, Mark. Aren’t you going to say something? You know what Oliver Wood is like.” Monica Britt teased him.

Flint simply smirked at her before taking a deep breath, not even bothering to stand up.

“Ok. The Gryffindors suck. There’s no way we can lose. Potter, try not to find the snitch too quickly. We want a chance to humiliate the Gryffindors. Pep talk over.” He said, shrugging at his friends.

Harry rolled his eyes.

A few minutes of silence later, there was a whistle blown out on the pitch.

“Get up, then.” Flint said to them all, before walking out.

Harry bit his lip as he walked out onto the pitch. Would he do alright? Would everyone hate him if he lost the game for them? Would he fall off of his broom and embarrass himself? His stomach wound itself into a nervous knot.

Every person in the school seemed to be there. Lee Jordon, Fred and George Weasley’s friend and an acquaintance of Harry, was commentating the game. The Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws were cheering with the Gryffindors. There were so many of them, it was hard to believe that their cheering was still being drowned out by the Slytherins.

Harry mounted his broom as everyone else did. On Madam Hooch’s whistle, he kicked up into the air.

Harry zoomed to the other end of the pitch, simply enjoying the feeling of being free.

At that second, a bludger came zooming towards him. Harry ducked underneath it. He turned to see it in time to duck again, as it streaked past his head.

On the third round of this, Fred Weasley came zooming towards him. He hit the bludger to the other end of the pitch.

“Thanks, Fred,” Harry called.

“Watch yourself, Fred!” Came George’s voice.

Fred turned in time to see the bludger coming back at him. He hit it again, into Flint’s stomach so that Angelina could score a goal.

It was at this second, as the bludger came back at him and George swerved down to hit it before it whacked Harry in the leg, that Harry was glad to be the twin Weasley’s friend.

“It shouldn’t be following you!” Fred yelled. He was right. Bludgers were supposed to unseat as many people as possible, not just go after one person.

Harry suddenly zoomed towards the other end of the pitch. He chanced a look backwards and saw the Bludger following him.

He zoomed back to Fred and George and was there before the bludger had reached the other end of the pitch.

“We need a time out,” Fred said to him.

Harry motioned to Flint for a time out. A few seconds later, he heard Madam Hooch blow her whistle.

He zoomed towards the ground, running into the change rooms. He heard the bludger slam into the wall outside.

The rest of the team was there in seconds.

“What is it, Potter?” Flint demanded.



“We stopped the game for him?!” Monica asked in disbelief.

“The bludger... It wont leave me alone, its been following me all game... it’s stopping me from finding the snitch...” Harry panted.

“It was probably the stupid Gryffindors.” One boy said from the back.

“No, Fred and George were helping me escape it. If it was the Gryffindors, they would have left me alone.” Harry replied.

Flint shrugged. “Just try and get the snitch quickly so we can end the game. After the game we’ll tell Hooch.”

Harry nodded. “Whatever you say,”

They walked back out onto the pitch and mounted their brooms. Harry flew away before the bludger could come at him.

He heard a whistle, signaling that the game was on again.

Harry flew laps around the pitch, keeping his eyes open for the bludger and the snitch.

He let out a gasp of pain as he felt something collide with his back.

He looked up in time to duck as a different bludger came at him. The rogue bludger had not been the one to hit him.

He looked up to see Monica Britt waving at him, holding a bat.

His eyes narrowed.

‘Oh, it’s on now,’ He thought, speeding towards her. He stopped dead as he saw something glittering near the Gryffindor goal post.

He sped towards the goal posts instead.

He reached out his hand and was about to close his fingers around the snitch...

BANG!!

Harry gasped as the rogue bludger collided with his arm.

He reached out his other hand... The match had to end, he couldn't take this anymore, the pain in his right arm and the pain in his back from the bludger Monica had hit at him... He felt the pain begin to overcome him; it was his only thought...

He slowly felt himself fall forwards and grabbed the snitch just before he fell.

He was falling for a few seconds before he hit the ground with a loud sound. He looked up, wanting more than anything to close his eyes... Great, just what he needed, more pain... He would scold himself for falling from that high if he had the energy...

“Harry!!”

He opened his eyes to see the rogue bludger. He rolled sideways just as it hit where his head had been. He rolled again as it came back at him.

And then, as it flew upwards again, it blew up.

He looked over to see Ron, Jesse, Draco, Blaise and Hermione running towards him, in front of a large crowd of students and teachers.

“Are you alright?!” Blaise asked him. Harry simply closed his eyes. He didn't trust himself to talk without spitting up the blood building up in his mouth.

It was disgusting, but he did it. He slowly swallowed the blood, all of it.

“Out of my way, out of my way!”

“I- I broke- my- arm...” Harry gasped, the pain in his back building.

“Harry, you fell from so high!” Hermione whispered.

“Ah, broken bones. Don’t worry; I know how to fix them. Stand back!”

“NO! Not- not you...” Harry said, looking up.

Lockhart smiled kindly at him. “Don’t worry, you don’t know what you’re saying. It’ll be over soon, Harry.”

“Get him- away- from me!” Harry yelled, as Lockhart raised his wand.

Lockhart cast a spell before Jesse could do more than step forwards.

Harry felt the pain in his arm increase... and then disappear completely.

He forgot about the pain in the rest of his body momentarily. It had worked. He was shocked that Lockhart had done it properly.

There was a gasp from the crowd. Harry groaned.

Or maybe he hadn't done it properly.

“Oh.” Was all Lockhart said as he picked up Harry's arm. It bent at odd angles. It looked almost as though he had no bones. Ridiculous.

“Well... At least the pain is gone.” Lockhart said cheerfully.

“There’s no bones left in his arm to hurt!” Hagrid said angrily.

Oh. So maybe it wasn’t so ridiculous.

Harry slowly laid his head back and closed his eyes, finally falling into the darkness that had wanted so badly to overcome him.

“Think he’ll be okay?”

“He got pretty beat up. He fell from a pretty big height. That Monica chick hit a bludger into his lower back and that other bludger broke his arm.”

“Will he wake up soon?”

“It’s probably better that he’s asleep. He can’t feel the pain that way.”

What a stupid thing to say. Of course he could feel the pain. He could barely pay attention to the conversation; the pain was so overcoming...

“Maybe someone should do something?”

He could just imagine Draco looking pointedly at the matron.

“I’ve done all I can do until he wakes up, Mr. Malfoy.”

If it would help to wake up, maybe he should.

Harry tried to open his eyes, but there seemed to be a mist, stopping him from doing anything he wanted to do.

“Does his back hurt from the bludger? Would it if he was awake?”

Stupid people.

“Let’s check if it hurts in his sleep.”

He felt a sharp pain in his rib. He let out a yell and sat up quickly.

Jesse snorted. “Apparently it does, Blaise.”

Harry leant over and whacked Blaise on the shoulder.

Blaise laughed slightly. "All I did was poke you, man."

"Are you okay?" Fred Weasley asked. Harry glanced around.

Angelina Johansson, George and Fred Weasley, Marcus Flint, Katie Bell, Hermione, Elle, Elle's friend who's name Harry never remembered, Draco, Hagrid, Jesse, Blaise and Ron were crowded around him.

Harry leant back onto his pillows.

Madam Pomfrey was by his side in seconds, handing him a glass.

"What happened?" He asked, taking the glass.

"Lockhart tried to mend your bones. He actually made them all disappear. We can heal your back and everything else that may hurt from that fall." Blaise answered.

"I can mend bones quickly, but growing them back will be painful." Madam Pomfrey said distractedly.

"I'm used to pain." Harry muttered, looking down at the glass.

"You should be able to leave the wing in a few days. You will miss out on your classes until then." Madam Pomfrey said.

Harry grinned. "Score."

"You should have come straight to me; you would be out of here by now if you had of." Madam Pomfrey scolded.

"You think I didn't try to? I told Lockhart not to touch me, but he didn't listen, the idiot." Harry answered.

"Can he get fired for that, by any chance?" Elle asked.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "He's not that bad."

“Any Lockhart supporters can leave right now.” Harry replied, glaring slightly at her.

“Well, I’m off. I’ll tell the team about you. By the way, I’m not a Lockhart fan.” Flint said, standing up.

“If you’re alright, then I’ll be off, too, Harry...” Hagrid said. “Fang will be wanting dinner.”

“Thanks for coming to see me. We’ll come to your house in a few days, okay?” Harry said. Hagrid nodded and waved goodbye to everyone.

“You caught the snitch.” Fred said matter-of-factly.

Harry smiled. “Yeah, shouldn’t you be sad about that?”

George laughed. “Are you kidding? I can’t wait to see Olivers reaction to this.”

Harry laughed.

“Alright, the boy needs rest, you can all leave!” Madam Pomfrey called to them.

They all stood up.

“See you later, man.” Blaise said.

There was a round of goodbyes from his friends before they left.

Elle smiled before closing the door. "Feel better soon, Harry."

Harry glared at Madam Pomfrey after Elle left. She looked up and pointed to the cup.

“Drink it.”

Harry shrugged and took a drink from it. He spat it out again.

“I never said it would taste nice.” Madam Pomfrey said as she turned away. Harry could hear the smirk in her voice and contemplated throwing the cup at her.

Harry opened one eye to the sound of footsteps. He sat up slightly and glanced around.

He gasped and almost fell sideways off of the bed.

Dobby the house elf was standing at the end of his bed, looking at him.

“Dobby!” He hissed, holding his chest. “Don’t do that!”

“I is sorry, Harry Potter, sir.” The elf replied.

“What are you doing here?” Harry asked.

“Harry Potter came back to school!” Dobby moaned. “He promised he wouldn’t, he promised!”

“I’m not really a person who sticks to the promises they make. My term for it would be the word ‘deceiving.’” Harry answered coldly.

“Harry Potter should have gone home when he missed the train.” Dobby said.

Harry narrowed his eyes. “It was you. You’re the reason the barrier closed too early. You did it.”

Dobby looked down sadly.

“I almost got expelled!” Harry hissed.

“It would be better for Harry Potter than being at Hogwarts!” Dobby replied. “But you still managed to get to school. Dobby was so shocked that he let his master’s dinner burn. Such a flogging, Dobby never had...”

Harry forgot to be mad for a second. "That's not right. It's not your fault."

"It matters not, Harry Potter! What matters is that you must go home!" Dobby replied. "Dobby thought that his bludger would discourage you..."

Harry sat up straight. "Your bludger?!"

Dobby hesitantly nodded.

"THAT THING ALMOST KILLED ME! I COULD BE DEAD RIGHT NOW!" Harry yelled.

Dobby winced. Harry was only vaguely aware that he kept glancing at Madam Pomfrey's room.

"Dobby didn't want it to kill you... Never kill you, sir... Dobby just wanted you injured enough to be sent home..." Dobby stuttered.

"In pieces?" Harry snarled. "I don't suppose there is a reason?"

"If only Harry Potter knew..." Dobby moaned. "If only Harry Potter knew the fear we house elves felt when He Who Must Not Be Named was at the height of his powers..."

"What, Voldemort?" Harry asked, just for the pleasure of watching Dobby's reaction.

Dobby jumped about a foot in the air. "No, sir, do not speak it!"

"The word what, or the word Voldemort?" Harry asked. Now, some may call this cruelty. Harry would call it entertainment.

"The name, Harry Potter! The name!" Dobby moaned.

Harry smirked and nodded. "Continue, anyway."



“Harry Potter, you must go home, you don’t know what will happen, now that History is to repeat itself, now that the Chamber is once again opened...” Dobby whispered.

“Huh. So there is a Chamber. Well, didn’t really expect that one. Wait, it’s been open before?” Harry asked, leaning towards the trembling house elf. “And I’m not a mudblood. Why would it want to attack me?”

“It is too dangerous!” Dobby whispered. “Go home, sir, please, go home!”

Harry heard voices outside the Hospital Wing. Harry gasped as Dobby spun to see a light from underneath the large doors.

“Dobby, tell me, who’s doing this?” Harry whispered.

Dobby shook his head. “Go home, Harry Potter...”

And with that, he was gone.

Harry quickly lay back down, watching the door through half closed eyes.

The doors opened and Harry watched as McGonagall and Dumbledore brought in a small boy. They were carrying him.

They put him onto a bed.

“Get Madam Pomfrey.” Dumbledore said quietly. McGonagall hurried towards the door. It closed behind her as Harry tried to see the face of the boy. He was sitting awfully still, and in a strange position, too... That was odd...

Madam Pomfrey and McGonagall hurried back to the bed.

“What happened?” Madam Pomfrey breathed. “Another attack? Another one petrified?”

Ah. Petrified. That explained it.

“ We think he was trying to come up and see Mr. Potter.”  
Dumbledore said.

Harry leant forwards slightly. A ray of moonlight was cast onto the boys face.

It was Colin Creevey. Harry rolled his eyes.

Dumb kid.

“ Do you think he managed to get a picture of his attacker?”  
McGonagall asked.

Dumbledore carefully took the camera from Colin's outstretched hands. He slowly opened the back of the camera, and a puff of smoke came out of it.

“Melted...” Said McGonagall in wonder. “All melted...”

“But what does this mean?” Madam Pomfrey whispered.

Dumbledore was quiet for a few seconds. It took Harry those few seconds to realize that Dumbledore was looking at him. He closed his eyes quickly.

“It means that Hogwarts is no longer safe. The Chamber of Secrets is, indeed, open again.” Came Dumbledore's voice.

Harry thought that he was trying too hard to be dramatic with the grave voice he used.

“But, Albus... who?” McGonagall murmured.

“The question is not who, but how.” Dumbledore corrected.

Harry smirked slightly. Overly dramatic.

But at the same time, he couldn't help feeling a bit... panicky. From Dobby's explanation, last time the chamber was opened, people were hurt...

He opened his eyes to see McGonagall's face. She didn't seem to understand this any better than he did.

Usually it takes me way longer to update. But I love writing this story and, besides, I was home all day today sick. I had to do something.

Next chapter is the duelling club ;D

Please review!! I took time to write it, so all you have to do is type two or three words and i'll be happy.

Disclaimer: I don't own anything except the people you've never heard of before. Yay for me.

For the next three weeks after Harry had gotten out of the Hospital Wing, he and his friends had been worse and worse in Lockhart's classes. They prided themselves on coming up with new ways to annoy him and make him look like a fool, but he never understood. He still thought that Harry thought of him as a role model... And Harry was close to snapping.

They had all spent their spare time down at Hagrids house, just having fun and taking some time off. Hermione was still unsuccessful in getting Draco to talk to her, and seemed to be getting less and less involved with her friends, sometimes staying in her room for hours on end.

On this particular fine, sunny morning, Harry noticed everyone crowding around the notice board. Harry and his friends somehow managed to push their way to the front.

"Duelling club?" Elle read aloud. "Might come in handy."

"What? You think Slytherin's monster can duel?" Jesse teased, but he still read the notice with interest.

"When is it?" Harry asked, trying to find the date and time.

"Uh... later today. I think they're cancelling some of our lessons for it," Jesse answered. "We miss potions."

Draco sighed. "In an ideal world, we'd miss potions every day."

"In an ideal world, I wouldn't have a sister." Harry said, as he and Jesse turned away from the sign.

So when, a few hours later, it came the time for potions class, Harry and his friends walked straight to the Great Hall.

The long dining tables had vanished. There was a long, golden stage with the moon stages painted on it in the middle of the hall. There were a few candles floating in the air, but not many because the sky was still bright outside and it reflected through the windows and the enchanted ceiling. The second years through sixth years were all in the hall- the first years were all too cowardly to show up, and the seventh years were all studying for their upcoming NEWTS.

“I wonder who’ll be teaching us?” Ron asked.

“As long as it’s not Lockhart,” Harry replied, as they all pushed their way to the front of the crowd.

Jesse let out a loud laugh. Harry followed his gaze and groaned. Gilderoy Lockhart was walking along the stage... with Severus Snape following behind him.

Harry brought his hand to his head. “Of course it was those two.”

“Gather round! Gather round!” Lockhart called, grinning gaily. Can everyone hear me? Can everyone see me? Excellent. Now, as you all know, I’m sure, Dumbledore has granted me permission to start this little dueling club, to train you all to defend yourselves as I myself have done on countless occasions- for full details, see my published works...”

“Get on with it, Lockhart!” A fifth year Slytherin boy yelled from the back.

“Yes, well... Let me all introduce to you my assistant, Professor Snape,” Said Lockhart, flashing a grin. “He tells me he knows a tiny little bit about dueling himself and has sportingly agreed to help me with a short demonstration before we begin! Now, I don’t want you youngsters to worry. You’ll all still have your potions master when I’m through with him, never fear!”

“He’s so full of himself...” Jesse muttered.

“It’d be awesome if they finished each other off, huh?” Ron grinned.

Lockhart and Snape turned to face each other. Lockhart bowed, as Snape did a small head jerk in his general direction. They both raised their wands like swords before them.

“On the count of three, we will cast our first spells. We will not be aiming to kill, of course.” Lockhart told the crowd.

“Snape will,” Draco whispered.

“One- two- three!”

They both swung their wands. Snape yelled “Expelliarmus!”

There was a dazzling flash of light and Lockhart was blasted off his feet. He flew backwards, into the wall, and fell to the floor.

Harry and Draco began to clap and whistle- they were soon joined by other Slytherins. Hermione shot them a nasty look.

Lockhart got steadily to his feet. “Well, there you have it. That was a disarming charm. As you can see, I’ve lost my wand... thank you, Miss Brown. Yes, an excellent idea to show them that, Professor, but if you don’t mind my saying so, it was very obvious what you were about to do. If I had wanted to stop you it would have been only too easy. However, I felt it would be more...”

Lockhart’s voice trailed off as he noticed the look Snape was giving him.

“Er... alright, Professor Snape and I will come and partner you off now...” He said hurriedly.

Harry and his friends talked idly for a few minutes, before Snape reached them.

“Marin and Davis... Malfoy and Granger, I think.... Potter and... Potter. Might be interesting.” Snape smirked as Danielle stepped up

beside him, pouting at being paired with her brother and hoping that Snape would say he was kidding.

“Alright, should we have a demonstration group?” Lockhart called to Snape. Snape turned slowly to look at Harry.

His eyes flashed. “Potter and Potter, up on the stage.”

Harry glared at Snape all the way to the platform. His sister and he stood there, simply waiting.

Harry gave a bored yawn as Lockhart began to speak.

“Alright, face each other and bow.” Lockhart said.

Harry turned. Danielle bowed, whilst Harry nodded his head as less as he could with it still being counted as a bow.

“Scared?” Harry hissed, smirking. Danielle simply stared at her brother.

“Now turn and take a few steps backwards,” Lockhart called.

Harry walked until he said stop.

“Now, on three, you will disarm each other. Disarm only, nothing else!” Lockhart ordered. Harry sighed and rolled his eyes. “One... two... three!”

Harry spun around. “Tarantellegra!”

Harry grinned as Danielle’s legs snapped together and she jerked around uncontrollably.

“I said disarm only, Mr. Potter!” Lockhart called. Snape stopped Harrys curse.

Lockhart sighed and walked up onto the stage. “Perhaps I should teach you how to block unfriendly spells.”

Danielle was bent down, speaking to one of her friends.

“Uh, Miss Potter?” Lockhart called. Danielle jumped up and Harry saw her friend showing her a wand movement.

She was telling her which spells to use against him.

“Now, Mr. Potter. I want you to raise your wand, and when Miss Potter casts a spell, you do this...”

Lockhart made a movement with his wand before dropping it.

“Oops... wand is a bit over excited.” He laughed. Harry rolled his eyes.

“Now, just do what I did, Harry.” Lockhart said.

“Drop my wand?”

Lockhart walked off of the stage and Danielle had a smile on her face. Harry saw her friend who had given her tips with the same smile.

“On three, disarm your brother, Miss Potter. Harry, try to block it.” Lockhart ordered. “One... two... three!”

Danielle quickly raised her wand and yelled “Serpensortia!”

The end of Danielle’s wand exploded and she stumbled back with the force of it. A long, black snake flew through the air and landed between them, closer to Harry. It raised itself, ready to strike. There were screams from the crowd and Harry simply stared at it.

“Don’t move, Potter.” Snape called lazily.

“Allow me, Professor.” Lockhart called. He said a spell and the snake flew up into the air, landing closer to Harry and looking up, angry at the sudden movement.



‘Good job!’ Harry snarled at Lockhart.

Enraged, the snake slithered close to Justin Finch-Fletchey (Harry recognized him from their herbology lessons. Justin often talked about his Muggle upbringing and how lucky he was to be here... something that Draco had plain as day told him that they didn’t care in the slightest way about).

Harry wasn’t aware of doing anything (if it was up to him, he would have stood back and watched how the scene played out), but he was walking forwards. The snake turned angrily to hiss at him, but he kept walking, even though he kept screaming at himself to stop.

“Leave him alone,” Harry said to the snake, and miraculously, the snake lowered its head and was still, as though it understood Harry.

He looked up, expecting to see Justin looking thankful... but Justin stared, wide eyed, a scared look across his face.

“What do you think you’re playing at?” He snapped, before turning and running from the hall.

Harry stared at the doors, confused. He let his eyes roam the crowd.

Everyone was staring at him with a look of fear. He looked at his friends, in the front row, who all looked shocked. He turned to his sister, who was stumbling backwards, as far away from him as possible.

Snape stepped forwards and vanished the snake. Harry noticed that he, too, was staring at Harry in an odd way. People started muttering and Harry felt a tug on the bottom of his robes.

Jesse pulled on them. When Harry looked down, he motioned out of the hall.

Harry jumped off of the side of the platform and walked towards the door, the buzz of talking getting louder and louder.

They got to the great hall, standing before the marble staircase. His friends all stared at him.

“You’re a parseltongue.” Jesse stated.

“I’m sorry, say what?” Harry asked.

“You can talk to snakes!” Draco said.

“No, I’m not. I can not!” Harry defended.

“Everyone in there just saw you, Harry.” Hermione said.

“You spoke in parseltongue!” Ron confirmed, “Definitely.”

“So you’re telling me I spoke a different language without even realizing I was doing it? Oh, yeah, because that makes sense.” Harry said sarcastically.

‘Harry, you shouldn’t be joking about this...” Hermione trailed off.

Harry shook his head. “I bet loads of people here can do it.”

‘No, they can’t!” Draco snapped.

“What’s the big deal?” Harry demanded. ‘All I did was tell that snake not to do anything to Justin...”

“Is that what you said?” Draco gasped.

“You were there! You heard me!”

“We heard you hiss something. For all we knew, you could have been saying anything...” Jesse said.

“But... I didn’t!” Harry defended in a slightly weaker voice.

Nobody spoke, they just stared at him. Finally, Harry got tired of it.

“So do you mind telling me what’s so wrong with telling the snake not to eat Justin? If it wasn’t for me, he’d probably be in the hospital wing getting snake venom taken outta him! Why does it matter how I did it?” He hissed.

“It matters.” Hermione said quietly. “That’s what Salazar Slytherin was famous for. It’s why the animal for Slytherin is a snake.”

“And now the whole school is gunna think you’re his great-great-great grandson or something...” Ron muttered.

“But... I’m not!” Harry cried.

“He lived about a thousand years ago. For all we know... you could be.” Hermione whispered.

Harry felt something inside of him sink. He turned to Hermione with an icy glare. “Thanks so much for your support, all of you.”

With that, he turned and stalked down to the Slytherin common room.

Been a while, yes, I'm sorry. but the next chapter is almost done and will be up soon... hope you all liked it, let me know what you think!

Disclaimer: I'd say I owned Harry Potter, but then I'd get sued. So,, I don't own. :)

For the next few days, Harry kept getting odd glares from a lot of people. But, no, not just students. Teachers were treating him differently, too. More carefully, somehow.

Some people, when they saw him, hurried away, averting their eyes. Some just stared. The majority had large gawking faces of wonder and didn't bother to hide the fact that they were looking.

A few of the people who Harry had spoken with previously, and knew that they were muggle-borns, stopped coming to the classes that Harry had with them.

Justin Finch-Fletchey, however, had to be the worst. After a week of running away whenever he spotted Harry, he stopped coming to classes' altogether. Jesse told him that Justin was freaked after the dueling club incident, and thought that the heir of Slytherin had marked him as the next one to be attacked. In other words, Harry was out to get him.

"Lazy, superstitious blighter..." Draco muttered darkly, as Justin had run in the opposite direction from them a few days ago.

Now, it was Saturday afternoon ("A perfect time for studying!" Hermione had scolded them, as they lay on the Slytherin common room couches, playing wizards chess and occasional games of exploding snap), and Harry just couldn't pay enough attention to his friends.

"Harry, for goodness sakes, if it's bothering you that much, just go and find Fletchey! Tell him the damn truth already!" Jesse finally snapped.

"Not that you need to. If he wasn't such an idiot, he'd realize you're not the heir," Blaise muttered.

Harry shook his head. "What am I supposed to do; apologize form keeping that snake from attacking him? No, I'm just going to go and get a book for that dumb potions essay from the library."

"Good idea, Harry!" Hermione beamed.

"Yeah, you have fun with that," Blaise smirked, as Harry turned and walked towards the portrait hole.

Harry walked slowly along the halls, trying to act oblivious to the stares following him. He saw Ginny Weasley (Ron's younger sister, who had started at Hogwarts that year), who blushed when she looked over at him and hurried away down the corridor. Harry smirked- he had a feeling she was running for a different reason to everyone else.

He finally reached the library, whistling as he walked inside. Madam Pince shot him a dark look as he continued along the rows, to the potions section.

He sighed. Homework was the only thing that had been tiresome enough to get his mind off of everything else happening lately. And let's face it: that, to Harry, was just kind of depressing.

Harry thought he heard his name and paused. Sure enough, from one corner of the room, there were quiet voices speaking, and he distinctly heard his name...

Silently creeping towards the end of the bookshelf, he saw a bunch of Hufflepuffs (Justin's friends, he noticed) sitting at a table down the back, on the opposite side of the bookcase. Harry heard his name again and paused to listen...

If they were talking about him, after all, he had a right to know...

"So, anyway," a stout boy had just begun speaking, "I told Justin to hide up in our dormitory. Of course, if Potter's marked him down as his next victim, its best if he keeps a low profile for a while. Justin's just been waiting for something like this to happen since he let slip to

Potter and his gang that he was a Muggle born. I mean, Justin actually told them that. That's not the kind of thing you brag about when Slytherin's heir is on the loose, is it?"

A girl with dark brown hair up in a high ponytail looked at the boy nervously, "So you definitely think it is Potter, then, Ernie?"

Harry finally realized who the boy was. It was Ernie MacMillan, Fletchey's best friend.

"Georgie, he's a Parselmouth. It's common knowledge that it's the mark of a really dark wizard... Have you ever heard of a decent one that could talk to snakes?! They called Salazar Slytherin himself Serpent-tongue." A few people at the table murmured something, and Ernie continued, "Enemies of the heir, beware.' That's what it said on the wall, guys. It's common knowledge that Filch dislikes Slytherin's the most, so maybe Potter was just testing out his powers... either way, Filch's cat got attacked. Then, that Creevey boy, it's no secret that he's been annoying Potter since the beginning of the year- Potter certainly didn't make a secret of his dislike for the kid! Next thing we know, he's lying in a hospital bed, stone cold, most likely close to dead!"

"He never really seemed the type, you know? I mean, he'd mouth off in class and be smart at times, but he seemed... nice, I guess, deep down. The only person who really seemed to get on his nerves was his sister. And, well, he did make You-Know-Who go away, so he can't be all bad."

Ernie bent closer, and Harry edged forwards subconsciously to catch his next words.

"Nobody knows how he defeated him. He was just a baby at the time; he should have been dead with no body found to be buried. Only a really powerful Dark wizard could have survived something like that..." Ernie glanced around, but still didn't see Harry hiding, before continuing. "That might be why Voldemort tried to finish him off in the first place. Didn't want another Dark Lord competing with him, maybe. I wonder what other secret powers he's been hiding."

Now that last line was going too far. Didn't want another Dark Lord competing with him? What other secret powers was he hiding? Harry grit his teeth and stepped out from his hiding spot.

They didn't notice him at first. Harry smirked and leant against the bookcase, folding his arms and clearing his throat loudly.

Every head snapped towards him, and they all looked almost petrified. Ernie was losing the colour in his face. They all knew by the look on Harry's face that he'd obviously heard them. He was angry, to say the least... and the group of Hufflepuffs were almost afraid of just how well he was hiding it.

Harry raised his eyebrows. "Any of you seen Fletchey?"

The Hufflepuffs all fearfully looked to Ernie.

"What do you want with him?" Ernie asked in a quavering voice.

"If you're going to act brave in front of your little posse, keep your voice steady," Harry advised coldly, "And I'd like to have a talk to him. I'd like to tell him what happened at the dueling club. The truth, if you like."

Harry was having a hard time concealing the anger in his voice.

Ernie bit his lip. "We were all there. We saw what happened."

"Oh! So you all probably noticed that, after I spoke to the snake, it backed off and decided not to bite him?" Harry asked hotly. One of the Hufflepuffs quivered slightly under his tone.

"All I saw was you speaking to a snake and chasing it towards Justin." Ernie said stubbornly.

"The snake didn't even touch him!" Harry hissed, "And I was hardly chasing it towards him."

“It was a very near miss...” Ernie said, and upon seeing Harry’s narrowed, angry eyes, continued hastily. “And in case you’re getting any ideas, you can trace my family back through nine generations of witches and wizards. My blood is as pure as anyone’s...”

“Oh, congratulations. So you’re whole family has been magic, and you’re still only dumb enough to make it into Hufflepuff? The house that takes the ones that aren’t brave, smart, cunning, or anything like that... but the ones that have no hope for the future?” Harry tilted his head forwards as he insulted Ernie. “Besides, dumbass, why would I want to attack muggle-borns?”

“I’ve heard your Mother was a Muggle born. You seem to hate her.” Ernie said swiftly.

“Done your homework on me, I see, MacMillan. Besides, you try living with Lily and not hating her!” Harry snarled. “So I’m going to ask you one more time, buddy: where is Fletchey?”

Ernie simply pursed his lips. Harry’s eyes flashed as he turned on his heel and walked out of the library, throwing Madam Pince a dark look as she looked at him reprovably.

Harry stalked through the school halls, not too sure where he was going and not exactly watching, either. So when he ran straight into something hard, he was surprised as he fell backwards.

“Arry?”

Harry looked up at the familiar voice to see Hagrid. Obviously, he looked angry, because Hagrid took a hesitant step backwards.

“Are yeh alright? Yeh look like yeh could kill somethin’.” Hagrid said softly.

“Or someone.” Harry muttered, thinking of Ernie, as he jumped to his feet.

“Wha’ was tha’?” Hagrid asked.



“I said, what’s with the chicken?” Harry lied, suddenly looking down and noticing the dead rooster Hagrid was holding. Hagrid lifted it up.

“Somethin’ is killin’ ‘em. I need permission from Dumbledore to cast a spell to protect ‘em.” Hagrid said, letting the hand with the rooster drop to his side again.

“Oh. Wonder what’s killing them.” Harry said, not particularly caring, but just wanting to sound polite for his friend.

Hagrid stared at him. “Are yeh sure yeh are alright, ‘arry?”

“I’m fine.” Harry said stiffly. “Well, it was good to see you, but I need to go and meet up with Jesse and the others.”

“Come down to my hut when yeh have the time, alright?”

“Yes, definitely.” Harry tried to smile at Hagrid before waving as he walked past his large friend.

Harry kept his eyes down as he kept walking.

Harry kept telling himself over and over, that any sane person would realize that he wasn’t the heir...

But you might be, said an annoying voice in the back of his head. He lived over a thousand years ago. Who’s to say you’re not?

Harry sighed. That voice always came back in his moments of doubt, to feed off of his fear, it seemed.

But he kept trying to tell himself, that he couldn’t be the heir. The heir was attacking people, and if he wasn’t the one doing the attacks, than it couldn’t be him.

Harry was so deep in his thoughts that he didn’t notice what was in front of him, and he swore quite loudly as he fell over for the second time that day.

Harry was lying on his stomach on the ground as he turned his head to see what he had fallen on. The colour drained out of his face. "Oh, no... you've got to be kidding me..."

Justin Finch-Fletchley lay on the ground, one arm up in the air, his knees bent slightly, as he stared upwards in horror, frozen in place.

He was petrified.

Harry couldn't think. Straight after his run in with the Hufflepuffs? He'd be suspect number one... but then again, that was already what he was...

Harry rolled over and sat up slightly, looking in horror at what he had missed before.

In front of Justin, was Nearly Headless Nick. He was in the air and sprawled out slightly, looking terrified. Instead of his normal opaque colour, he was dark and murky and looked like a sinister storm cloud.

Should he tell someone? This was important.

No, Harry. Run. Get out of there!

Harry shot to his feet, about to run straight to the common room and not look back, but before he had taken two steps, a door to his left flew open.

Peeves the Poltergeist shot out of the room, squealing in delight. Harry knew he would have just been destroying something in that empty classroom... he wondered humorlessly if he'd be blamed for that, too...

"Why, Potter!" Peeves cackled, beginning to do some sort of air aerobics. "What would bring-"

He suddenly stopped as he caught sight of the two who had been petrified. A grin spread over his face as he took a deep breath.

“ATTACK! ANOTHER ATTACK! NO HUMAN OR GHOST IS SAFE! ATTAAAACK!” He screeched.

There were sounds from all around- the moving of chairs, the shuffle of feet, the rumble of voices... before people came into the hallway on all sides. Teachers stood in the doorways of their classrooms, a few students spilling past them to line the hall, the rest standing behind them and trying to get a better look.

Harry stared around, surely looking like a deer stuck in headlights, as everyone went silent and stared at Justin and Nick, before their eyes all, slowly, person by person, moved to Harry.

There were hurried footsteps and Ernie MacMillan ran into the hallway, upon hearing Peeves' cries from the library. He pointed an accusing finger at Harry.

“I knew it! Now none of us are safe as long as you're around!”

“That's enough, MacMillan.”

Teachers started ushering their classes back into the rooms, most students craning their necks to stare at Harry for as long as possible.

Harry stood still, barely daring to breathe, not moving his eyes from McGonagall's reaction. She was hurrying forwards, examining the Gryffindor house ghost. As this happened, Peeves broke out into song, zooming around everyone's heads.

“Oh Potter, you rotter, oh what have you done?  
You're killing off students, you think its good fun...”

“ That's enough, Peeves!” McGonagall barked, obviously very stressed. As Peeves flew off laughing obnoxiously, she turned to face Harry for the first time, and Harry's breath hitched in his throat.

She didn't take her eyes off of Harry as she ordered Ernie, who was still hanging around giving Harry a look of suspicion, to fan the ghost

to the hospital wing, before Professor Flitwick and Professor Sinistra carried Justin. This left them alone.

“Follow me, Potter,” She said stiffly.

Harry hurried along the corridor after McGonagall, looking at her back nervously.

Harry wasn't in McGonagall's house, so she wouldn't be looking to do him any favors. But then again, he asked himself, how far would any of the people here be willing to go to save his neck?

“Professor,” Harry finally started in a croaky voice, after walking for a few moments in silence. “I swear to you I didn't do-”

“This is out of my hands, Potter.” Even though she didn't look at him, he could hear her voice softening.

They finally reached a large and extremely ugly stone gargoyle a few floors up.

“Sherbet lemon.” This was evidently the password, because the gargoyle jumped aside and she motioned for Harry to step onto a staircase there, slowly moving upwards like an escalator. Harry couldn't fail to be amazed, even at his current predicament. They slowly moved upwards, in circles, as Harry got steadily dizzy.

Finally they stopped in front of a large oak door with a knocker in the shape of a griffin.

Harry realized then exactly how deep into this he really was. This was far too elaborate to be McGonagall's office.

This had to be where the headmaster lived.

Ok, been a while. Back at school, currently procrastinating all my assignments... so in the next few weeks I'll be hurrying to finish them before they are due (which is soon). But I'll get the new one up as soon as possible.

Leave a review, thanks?

McGonagall rapped on the door three times and it opened silently. She glanced at him and said to wait, before leaving him there alone.

Harry stood still, waiting. He soon realized that the headmaster wasn't there. The room was empty.

"Not just going to stand there are you?"

Harry jumped and spun around at the sound of the man's voice.

One of the portraits had been speaking to him. Harry brought his hand to his forehead- he had actually been a bit scared for a minute there.

"Well?" A woman called this time.

Harry looked around and only then started taking in the actual room. Despite his fear of being expelled, he couldn't help but be fascinated.

Dumbledore's office was... busier than most other teachers, but that was to be expected. There was a desk in the middle of two staircases lining the circular walls, leading to a second story, where there were mostly bookcases. Harry noticed all the different noises coming from various parts of the room.

There was a desk in the middle of the room in between the two staircases, and portraits of previous headmasters and headmistresses lined the walls. And on the edge of a table in front of a large window was the sorting hat.

Harry had always wondered where they kept it, and now that he knew, it seemed quite obvious.

He couldn't help but walk over and pick it up- examine it closer. It was even more decayed than you'd realize from looking at it while getting sorted. Up close, it looked so much older.

He picked it up and simply stared at it for a few seconds.

“Just going to stare, are we?”

Harry almost dropped the hat. It was hard to get used to so many inanimate objects speaking to him.

The hat laughed at his reaction and Harry glared at it.

He wasn't a huge fan of light teasing.

Harry stared down at the hat.

“It's a shame to put you in Slytherin, thinking back. You could have done so many great things in Gryffindor.”

Disgusted, he threw it roughly back on the desk.

“That's bull.” Harry snarled, walking backwards. A small gagging noise behind him made him spin around quickly.

Standing alone on a perch was a decrepit looking bird that Harry had missed on his first scan of the room. The bird gagged again and Harry watched as a few red feathers fell out of its tail.

Harry smirked at the sick looking animal.

'All I need is for the bloody bird to drop dead now, too.'

And with that thought, the bird burst into flames.

Harry swore loudly and fell backwards in shock. He hit the desk and looked around for something- anything- to put out the fire, but by this time the bird had made a loud hooting noise and fallen to ashes at the foot of the perch.

Keeping up with his legendary good timing, Dumbledore walked in.

“Professor!” Harry gasped out. “Your bird! I didn't touch it! I couldn't do anything, it just burst into flames! I-”

To Harry's utter astonishment, Dumbledore smiled.

"It's about time, too."

Harry stared at the headmaster for a few seconds.

"Do you know what kind of bird Fawkes is, Harry?" He shook his head, and Dumbledore continued. "He is a phoenix. And when phoenixes die, they burst into flames and are reborn from the ashes. Look..."

Harry bent down slightly to see a tiny, wrinkled, new born bird stick its head out of the pile of ashes. Harry wrinkled his nose. It was quite an ugly bird.

"It really is a shame you saw him on burning day. Phoenixes are usually such beautiful creatures, if a little strange. They can carry immensely heavy loads, their tears carry healing powers and they make really quite faithful pets.

Harry walked over to the desk as Dumbledore sat in his chair. In the moment of Fawkes catching fire, Harry had almost forgotten what he was there for... but it was all coming back now.

Before Dumbledore could open his mouth, the door slammed open. Harry looked up to see Hagrid running in, a wild look in his eyes, the dead chicken still swinging from his hand.

"Professor!" He gasped, "It wasn't him, sir, it wasn't Harry! I was talkin' to him right before tha' kid was found! He didn't have any time!"

Dumbledore looked like he was trying to get a word in, but Hagrid kept going.

"It can't 'ave been him... it just can't 'ave..."

"Hagrid?"

"I'll swear it in front of tha' ministry of magic if I have ta!"



“Hagrid!”

Hagrid stopped and stared at Dumbledore.

“I do not believe that Harry attacked anyone.” He said calmly.

“Oh... Oh.” Hagrid said, the rooster falling limply to his side, as Harry surveyed all the feathers surrounding them. “I’ll just wait outside, professor...”

He walked outside, looking embarrassed. Harry smiled at his large friend as he caught his eye, silently saying ‘thanks anyway.’

There was a small silence, before Harry eventually broke it.

“You... you don’t think it was me, Professor?” He asked hopefully, as Dumbledore brushed rooster feathers off of his desk.

“No... no, I do not.” Dumbledore’s face was still somber. “But I do wish to speak with you.”

Harry immediately grew nervous, trying to think of anything else he had done wrong lately. Dumbledore observed him, the tips of his long fingers together.

“I must ask you, Harry, if there is anything you would like to tell me... anything at all?” Dumbledore finally asked.

Harry was surprised, and his mind immediately strayed to Draco’s words of “You’ll be next, Mudblood’s,” to Hermione, and just of how odd Hermione had been acting lately. He thought of the disembodied voice he had heard lately, and how he knew of how unnatural it was, even in the wizarding world. He thought of what everyone had been saying about him, and how his fear of being connected to Salazar Slytherin kept growing...

...But he was a Slytherin. And a Slytherin never admitted to needing help. It was an unspoken rule.

“No, professor,” Harry said, finally, “There isn’t anything.”

The double attack on the Gryffindor ghost and Fletchey seemed to turn what had originally been nervousness into real panic. People were avoiding Harry more than ever, and when Christmas holidays came around, there was almost a stampede to book seats to go home for Christmas.

“The way things are going now, it’s just going to be us here for Christmas,” Draco said one morning in the common room. “Jolly good fun.”

Harry knew he should have been glad everyone was leaving. He should have been tired of all the staring, pointing, whispering, and dirty looks. And as much as he hated to admit it... he liked the feeling of power. Not to mention it was quite funny, anyway.

Fred and George Weasley seemed to share his outlook, if not so much the like of power. They went out of their way to march on either side of Harry down the corridors, yelling “Out of the way, people, heir of Slytherin coming through! We have a seriously evil wizard right here...”

Jesse, Ron, Blaise, Draco and Elle all found their antics quite amusing. Percy and Hermione did not.

“Boys, this is no laughing matter!” He would always say.

“Sorry, Percy, I’m in a bit of a hurry, actually, I’m late for a meeting down in the chamber,” Harry said as seriously as he could manage.

“He’s just off to have a quick chat to his fanged servant,” Fred grinned.

“Oh, don’t... please, don’t...” Hermione would beg every time Fred would try to repel Harry with garlic cloves, and he would pretend to be burnt.

But Jesse, Draco, Blaise and Ron would always stick up for Harry and the twins jokes.

“Don’t always take things so seriously all the time, Hermione,” Jesse would say.

“Allow yourself to have some fun for once in your life,” Blaise would add.

And now that the Christmas holidays had arrived, the Weasley’s, Draco, Jesse, Blaise, Harry and Hermione were finding it very boring. There were really only so many places you could explore in Hogwarts without some kind of password, or at least having Peeves as a friend... something which none of the second years had the luxury of, and which Fred and George were not willing to share.

Ron still kept up the nagging suspicion that Draco was Slytherin’s heir. He had been spending increasing amounts of time with Crabbe and Goyle, who were really no good as friends, but more as looking like bodyguards. They, too, were staying during the holidays at school. And Hermione... well, she had been spending increasing amounts of time alone. She would disappear for hours on end and none of them would know where she was.

“She’s probably just hiding up in the library...” Jesse muttered.

But Harry really was having nagging suspicions about the both of them.

So, a few days into the holidays, Ron and Harry sat in the Gryffindor common room (Ron had let him in for a bit of privacy. Barely any other Gryffindors were staying over Christmas at the castle apart from the Weasley’s, anyway. Personally, Harry preferred the Slytherin common room; the Gryffindor one was too colorful.), and they were discussing Draco.

“I really can’t see many other people as the heir of Slytherin. He just... fits.” Ron said.

“Yes, but you’re overlooking every single other person in the school.” Harry replied.

Ron sighed and laid his head back against the couch. “We’ve already established it has to be a Slytherin.”

“Yes, but now we’re overlooking all the older students. Think of how many seventh years there are who hate Muggle borns. And they’re so much more powerful than second years. You heard Dumbledore; no second year could have done that to the petrified people.” Harry said.

Ron nodded in an obvious manner, “Yes, that’s why he got his big old fanged servant to do it for him! Look, Harry- isn’t it better to be safe than sorry?”

“I suppose I could try and get it out of him...” He muttered, staring into the dying flames. He was just worried about how Draco might take Harry suspecting him. He had to think of something better...

Draco Malfoy was not happy today. First, for a detention with Professor McGonagall that he had not gone to during the school term, he had been scrubbing down cages for the animals in her classroom for the past three hours- and those animals were not clean ones.

Then, as he was walking back down to the common room, he’d had an unfortunate run in with a sixth year, sending him on a wild goose chase to find Professor Snape that lasted at least half an hour, so that he could relay some drab message his Mother had sent him, telling him that he would most likely need to find somewhere for himself to stay next holidays, too, whilst he wouldn’t be at school, because his Mother and Father needed to have a chat with Minister Cornelius Fudge to do something about getting her sister (and Draco’s aunt), Bellatrix Lestrange, out of Azkaban prison, where she had recently been sent when new evidence pointed to her in an old case of torture. This was not, exactly, thrilling news for him, considering that his house had also been raided last week, which meant that they suspected his family as well as his Aunts.

So he was quite glad to be in the Slytherin common room, by himself, lying sprawled out over the green couch in front of the soothing fire, relaxing.

Suddenly, he heard footsteps coming towards him and the couch across from him sink down as excessive amounts of weight were put on it.

He opened his eyes to see Crabbe and Goyle. Crabbe was still chewing on the remnants of a cupcake.

“And what do you want, exactly?” He snapped, irritated by their mere presence.

“Just to... sit.” Crabbe said, glancing down.

“And talk.” Goyle added.

Harry stood not far behind the two large oafs, his invisibility cloak on, hearing everything that was said.

Really, he had to pride Jesse. By offering those two baboons all the food they could eat at any time of the day for them to get information from Draco, well... it was genius.

However, he could tell by looking at Draco how irritated he was. Hopefully this plan would still work.

“So, about the chamber of secrets...” Goyle started.

Draco interrupted him, rolling his eyes. “We’ve talked about this. I told you I don’t know anything.”

Harry bit his tongue. He wanted to reach forward and hit those two idiots.

Draco paused slightly. “I’m surprised the Daily Prophet hasn’t reported these attacks, you know... but I suppose Dumbledore might be trying to hush it all up. Maybe he doesn’t want the school to close

down... Father always said he was the worst thing to ever happen to Hogwarts. Just loves Mudblood's. A decent headmaster would never let scum like that in. Have you seen the Creevey boy?" Draco smirked. "Have you seen how he follows Harry around? I mean, it's hilarious, but beyond saddening."

'No arguments there...' Harry thought.

"And Granger... Oh, don't even get me started on her. And she's in Slytherin! I don't even know how she managed that! Salazar Slytherin would never have accepted a Mudblood. Is this what our school is coming to?!" Draco seemed to be in a bad enough mood to just keep ranting.

"So... what do you think about this Slytherin's heir business?" Crabbe pressed. Had he always talked so slowly?

Draco smirked again. "Hard to believe people think Harry's the heir... He's just not capable of that kind of hatred, I don't think."

Harry narrowed his eyes. He took offense to that.

Draco took a slight pause and stared at the fire. "I wish I knew who the heir is. I could help them."

Harry let out a breath he hadn't been aware of holding. Draco wasn't the heir.

Goyle began to speak again. "But... don't you have any idea whatsoever whose behind it all?"

"You know I don't, Goyle! It's a shame Father won't tell me anything about it, either. Of course, it was opened fifty years ago, before his time, but, come on! He knows all about it. He says it was all kept quiet and it will look suspicious if I know too much about it. But, he did tell me one thing. Last time the chamber was opened, someone died. A Mudblood. This time... well... I hope it's Granger, personally." He said the end quite maliciously.

“What happened to the person who did it last time?” Crabbe wondered aloud.

“They were expelled. They’re probably still in Azkaban.”

Azkaban. The wizarding prison. He had heard Damien talk about it. It was guarded by some kind of horrible creature...

It wasn’t exactly a nice place.

Draco shifted on the couch. “Father said just to keep my head down and let Slytherin’s heir do his work. I agree when he says that this place needs to be ridded of Mudblood filth. He just doesn’t want me mixed up in it. Of course, he has enough on his plate. What with the manor being raided last week and all.”

Harry’s jaw dropped open. The manor was raided?

“The manor was raided?” Goyle asked in surprise, mirroring Harry’s thoughts.

“Yeah. They didn’t find much. Lucky we have our own chamber underneath the drawing room floor, or they would have found some... well, pretty dark objects.” Draco said.

Harry had heard enough. He crept back up to the common room and dumped the cloak back into his bag.

He couldn’t help his triumphant grin when he thought of Draco not being the heir.

But that didn’t mean it wasn’t going to get just as bad as last time. Now, all there was to do was to wait for another attack and try to find a new lead to the heir.

Soon enough, he wasn’t smiling anymore.

Suprised? An update, finally. Sorry about the massive wait. Hope this was worth it... Hah.

It was my birthday a while ago. Just a bit of info. :)

Please let me know what you think. I promise there wont be such a long wait for the next one!



Disclaimer: J.K. Rowling owns everything you see here, sadly. :(

The school term had restarted the previous day. After the holidays, a lot of people would go the long way to classes to walk past the hospital wing, to see if anyone else had been attacked during the holidays. Harry had, after all, stayed at school.

Harry and Elle were coming up the grand staircase during lunch, talking about the ridiculous amounts of homework Snape had been giving them lately and how she doubted she'd finish it anytime before she was in fifth year, when they heard a loud screeching from a floor above them. Elle immediately covered her ears.

“What the...? Do you think there's been another attack?!” Harry asked. “Because if so, I'm not going to be the one caught there again....”

“Oh, don't be a baby...” Danielle muttered, grabbing his upper arm and pulling him up the stairs. “I want to see what's going on!”

They could start to hear a voice yelling as they got closer. Danielle and Harry both stopped outside of the second floor corridor and pushed their backs against the walls, their heads rounding the side to watch Filch outside of Moaning Myrtle's bathroom, the floor soaked.

“Just even more work for me, like I haven't already got enough to do! No, this is it! I'm going to Dumbledore!”

With that he set off down the hallway, hobbling through corridors until they heard a distant door slam and they thought it safe to come out from hiding.

They were once again at the spot where Mrs. Norris had been attacked- Filch's regular look out position. The water was dripping from up to a meter up the wall. Now that Filch had stopped shouting, they could hear Moaning Myrtle's wails.

Elle bit her lip and set off down the corridor, her footsteps in the puddle making squelching noises. She didn't seem to care that the bottom of her robes were getting soaked. "Come on, Harry."

Harry sighed and followed her. "Is this ghost ever not whining about something or another...?"

The two ignored the Out of Order sign and stepped into the bathroom, where the water was even higher and all seeped out of the room at once.

If it was even possible, Moaning Myrtle was crying harder and louder than ever before. She was hiding up on the window pane sobbing in the darkened room, as all the candles had been extinguished by the rush of water, leaving the whole room, floor, walls and ceiling, damp.

"Myrtle? What's up?" Harry called out.

Her head snapped up. "Oh... come to throw something else at me?"

Elle and Harry stepped forwards slightly to see her better. With the light coming through the window, she was almost invisible.

"Why would I throw something at you?" Elle asked her.

"Don't ask me!" Myrtle cried, flying down from the window pane (the two students stepped backwards slightly), "Here I am, just thinking about death, and someone thinks it's funny to throw a book at me!"

"Yeah, but... it wouldn't hurt you, would it?" Harry asked her. "You're a ghost. It'd go right through you."

Harry had obviously made a mistake saying that.

Myrtle flew down angrily, shrieking "Oh, yes, let's all throw things at Myrtle because she can't feel it! Ten points through her stomach! Fifty through her head! Well what a lovely game, I don't think!"

Elle tried to get the attention off of Harry. "Who threw it at you?"

Myrtle sighed. "I don't know. I was just sitting in the U-bend when it hit me on the head. It's over there. It got washed out."

She pointed and Harry looked over. It was under the sink. It was a small, thin book with a dark brown cover. It was as wet as everything else in the bathroom. Harry stepped forward to pick it up, but Elle's voice stopped him.

"Are you insane? It could be cursed!" She cried, staring at him incredulously.

Harry simply smirked up at her. "I very highly doubt it, Elle. Besides, we won't find out if we don't look at it."

With that, he picked up the soggy book.

He could see Elle waiting for something to happen. When it didn't, he grinned at her. "See? Nothing."

Harry looked down at it and immediately saw that it was a diary. By the year, it was at least fifty years old. When he opened it, he could barely make out a name.

T.M. Riddle.

He read the name aloud and Ellie leant over his shoulder to read it.

"Yes, I remember Ron saying something about a boy called Riddle when he had detention in the trophy room. He wouldn't shut up about that Riddle boy's award. Ask him sometime, if you like. But, I highly recommend you put the book down. Don't meddle with things that don't concern you, Harry." She glanced up at Myrtle and lowered her voice and winked. "Fifty points through Myrtle's head."

But as she turned away, Harry placed the book in his pocket, following the girl out of the bathroom, and stepping on a few spiders on his way out.

The next day at the Slytherin table at lunch, Harry showed his friends the diary. Blaise had, at first, made a crack about him having a diary at all, before they got down to business.

“Maybe it has secret powers?” Draco suggested.

“Looks like it’s hiding them really well, then,” Harry muttered.

“Just chuck it, like I said in the first place,” Elle suggested.

“Know any spells to bring out hidden powers, Hermione?” Draco asked. They all looked at Hermione, who had gone pale, and was staring at the diary.

“Uh... no, I don’t,” She murmured, before standing up and walking away.

Harry thought that it was a bit strange, but didn’t mention it.

“Its fifty years old, isn’t it?” Blaise said.

Harry stared at him. “Yeah, why?”

“Well, the chamber of secrets was opened fifty years ago. Use your head.” He said.

Elle beamed. “Yes, and he got an award for special services to the school fifty years ago! Maybe he knew something about it! It might be how the person has been getting into the Chamber!”

Draco rolled his eyes and tapped the diary’s blank pages. “Great theory and everything, but there’s nothing in it.”

“It might be invisible ink!” Blaise said, getting out his wand and muttering a spell. Nothing happened.

“Look, nothing’s in there. The kid just got a diary and couldn’t be stuffed to write in it,” Draco muttered, dismissing any further claims. “Chuck it, Harry.”

They all got up as the bell rang for class and, even though he didn't know why, Harry shoved the diary back into his bag again.

For the next few days, Harry couldn't get that diary out of his head. He didn't know why he had kept it. He couldn't explain it. But every now and then, he found himself picking up Riddle's diary and flipping through the pages, as though there was still some secret to find.

One day, during lunch, he left his friends and headed towards the trophy room, just staring at his award. He also found his name on an old magical merit badge, and a list of old prefect.

He sighed. "Get out of my head, Riddle..."

The sun was shining more now, with barely and dank weather that they had been experiencing. The mood in the castle was lightening too, especially around Harry. People were calmer now that there were not as many attacks. Professor Sprout was in an especially good mood, now that the mandrakes were entering their teenage years, acting moody and acne ridden, and would soon be ready for repotting and then stewing.

"Maybe the heir's lost his nerve," Draco suggested one day.

"Or Harry's just building up for a big bang to end the year with... maybe a favorite teacher?" Fred grinned, as Lockhart walked past. He shot them a look of fake amusement, fear secretly shining in his eyes.

Of course, Lockhart thought that it was him that had stopped the attacks. Harry heard him telling McGonagall one day that he thought that the chamber was closed for good, because the heir sensed him coming down on them quite quickly. Then he murmured something about a morale booster and hurried off, to which Harry didn't want to know the meaning of.

On February the fourteenth, his morale booster became clear as Harry, Draco and Jesse walked into the great hall for breakfast.

The walls were a hideous pink colour, the ceiling pale blue, from which heart shaped confetti was falling.

“What in the world...? Draco muttered, as they walked over to the Slytherin table, looking sickened.

Elle grinned at them as they sat down. “Gorgeous, isn’t it?”

“I hope for your sake, that you’re joking,” Jesse warned, pushing confetti off of the food he intended to take.

“Dear Merlin!” Blaise cried, looking up at the staff table. Lockhart stood up, wearing hideous pink robes to match the decoration, waving for attention. The other teachers looked immensely angry, Snape looked about to attack.

“Happy Valentines day!” He cried, grinning, “And especially to the forty six people who have sent me cards! This was my doing, add a bit of brightening to the castle, I suppose- And it doesn’t end here!”

Lockhart clapped his hands and the doors opened, marching in a few surly looking dwarves. Loud laughs came from the Slytherin table at the golden wings and harps that they had.

“These lovely things are my friendly, card carrying cupids, who will be delivering Valentines for the rest of the day! But Im sure my colleagues want to get in on the fun! Why not ask Professor Snape to brew you up a love potion? Or Professor Flitwick to teach you an Enchantment charm?”

“I’ll give you five galleons to ask Snape to brew you a love potion,” Harry muttered to Draco, looking at Snape, who looked ready to force feed poison to anyone who asked him anything about love potions.

Breakfast was soon dismissed for the day’s first class. Draco and Harry amused themselves by looking at the pink decorations everywhere. Jesse and his sister fought over a sarcastic comment

that Elle had made a few minutes previously about Jesse probably being one of the forty six people who sent him cards.

All day, to the teacher's annoyance and students (mainly the Slytherins) delight, dwarves kept interrupting their classes to deliver valentines messages (Snape even threatened to hex the next dwarf who came into his class, and told the frightened man to "spread the word"). Harry and his friends were blissfully undisturbed until sometime after lunch when the Slytherin's and Ravenclaws headed up to their Charms classroom.

"Harry Potter? Anyone here know who Harry Potter is?"

Harry ducked his head and began speed walking up the hallway, until a passing Fred Weasley wrapped his arm around Harry's shoulders and spun him around, pushing through a line of first years. "Right here, dwarfy!"

"Fred... don't do this..." Harry muttered.

"Oh, you're no fun. Have a sense of humor, Potter!"

Harry was about to tell George, who had come to stand next to his twin, where he could shove his sense of humor, when the dwarf finally caught up with them.

"I've got a musical message to deliver to Harry Potter in person?" The dwarf said, glaring up at Jesse, who had tried to take the dwarf's harp.

"Yeah... I'm actually in a hurry, really. Let's do this some other time." Harry suggested, ducking under Fred's arm. Unfortunately, George was there to trip him and, once Harry was safely on the ground, sit on his back to ruin all other chances of escape, ignoring the now spilt contents of Harry's bag. Draco, Jesse and Elle were sniggering.

"Go ahead, mate," George grinned down at Harry.

The dwarf cleared his throat obnoxiously, before he began singing.

“His eyes are as green as a fresh pickled toad,  
His hair is as dark as a blackboard.  
I wish he was mine, he’s really divine,  
The hero who conquered the Dark Lord.”

There was a moment of silence, broken by the first rounds of laughter from Fred, George, and Draco.

Percy Weasley had arrived on the scene and began shooing away students, some of whom were crying with mirth now. George was still laughing far too hard to get off of Harry’s back.

“Come on... Slytherin’s too!” Percy snapped.

Percy heaved George off of Harry and he stood up. The twins walked down the hall, still laughing, as the Slytherin’s went the other way.

Draco walked close to Ginny Weasley, who was walking into her classroom, and said “I don’t think Harry liked your valentine too much.”

She blushed crimson and hurried into her classroom.

“Oh, Draco! That was mean!” Elle scolded, as Jesse said “How’d you know it was her?”

Draco ignored Elle and spoke to Jesse, “Saw her giving it to one of the dwarves this morning.”

Harry stopped in his tracks. “And you didn’t warn me?!”

The others merely laughed again.

It wasn’t until Harry had reached Flitwick’s class that he realized that, while everything else was covered in spilt ink, Riddle’s diary was still clean and unaffected.



Harry was not in a good mood by the time he got back to the dormitory that night. He'd left dinner early because Fred and George, ignoring the glares of the Slytherin's surrounding them, sat on either side of Harry and broke into a verse of "His eyes are as green as fresh pickled toads!"

Of course, being Slytherins, soon enough, almost the whole table had forgotten that they were Gryffindors and joined in the singing.

Harry faked stomach pains part way through dinner and left for the common room, much to the table's disappointment. Fred and George began another round, soon enough joined by the rest of the table, and he could hear their voices all the way down in the dungeon.

Harry now sat on his four poster bed with Riddle's diary propped open in front of him and a quill beside him. He came to the conclusion that there was no stain of ink on the pages and then took his quill, dipped it in the ink, and put a blotch on the page.

The ink shown brightly on the page for a second, before vanishing. Harry excitedly wrote on the page 'My name is Harry Potter.'

It stayed on the page for longer, before it, too, vanished. Oozing back out of the page, in his own ink, were another set of words completely.

Hello, Harry Potter. I'm Tom Riddle. May I ask how, exactly, you came across my diary?

Harry had already began his reply when this, too, disappeared.

'Someone tried to flush it down a toilet.'

He eagerly awaited Riddle's reply.

'Well, then it's fortunate that I recorded my memories in a more lasting way than ink. I always knew that there would be those who wouldn't want this diary read.'

Harry's excitement caused him to blot the ink. 'Yeah? Why's that?'

‘Because this diary holds terrible things, that were covered up. Things that happened at Hogwarts school of witchcraft and wizardry.’

Harry eagerly scribbles, ‘Im there now, and some pretty bad stuff’s going on. Do you think you could tell me about it?’

Harry eagerly awaited a reply, but let out a loud groan of frustration when it came.

‘No.’

He was about to write a reply, probably with some abusive words, when another message came through.

‘I could show you, if you like?’

Harry hesitated, thinking of how strange this request was. But only for a second, before he eagerly wrote ‘Sure.’

The pages began blowing as though caught in a strong wind, before stopping part way through June. There was nothing else there. Harry leant forwards slowly, to see if there was any miniscule thing he was missing, when suddenly the pages glowed bright white and he tilted off of his bed. Soon enough, Harry was pitched headfirst into the page.

Soon enough, his feet hit solid ground and he looked around, watching the shapes surrounding him come into focus.

Huh. Been a little while. I've had pretty limited computer time, so thanks for being patient, I suppose. Hope you enjoyed :)

CHP26